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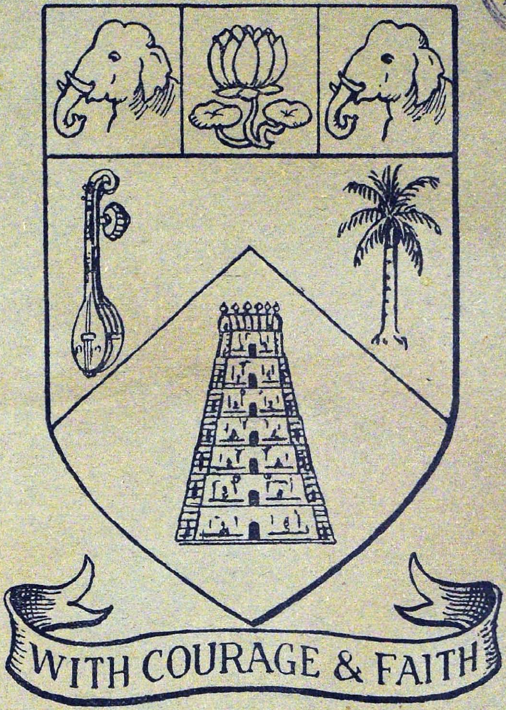
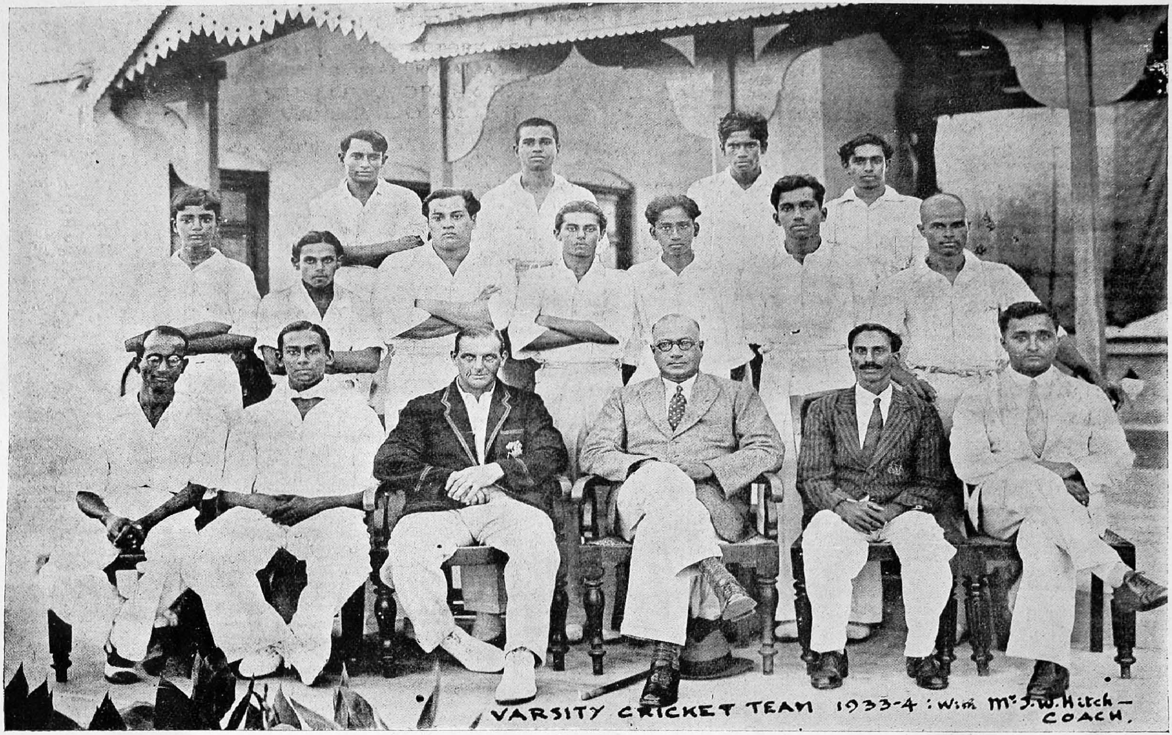
MISCELLANY



No. 1 Vol. VI NOV. 1934


VARSITY CRICKET TEAM 1933-4 : With Mr J. W. Hitch — COACH.

ANNAMALAINAGAR

MISCELLANY

VOL. VI.

No. 1. Nov. 1934

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Editorial Note

THE Editorial Board congratulates itself on its continued good fortune. It finds no difficulty in getting contributions; it finds much in choosing them. Its task is particularly hard when the contributions are all on the same level of excellence. Well done, Annamalainagar!

The Board wishes, however, that the prizes it announces were more keenly competed for. It feels that all Annamalainagar talent has not cared to bring itself into play. A good part of it is shy and lurks in corners. Will it come out and make itself felt for the greater glory of the Alma Mater?

Political Pluralism*

BY

R. BHASKARAN

"But would there be any magic in the change of name that would essentially alter the process of political control? The balance of social and industrial groups may be and has been changed, but would 'a democratic supreme court of functional equity', as suggested by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, be very much different from the government with its co-ordinating function to-day? The difficulty is that altering the name of what has been called 'politics' will not change the operations that have hitherto been characterised by that term. The processes will go on under some other title."

C. E. Merriam: *New Aspects of Politics* (2nd edn.) p. vi.

IT is usual to preface a lecture like this with some remarks on the appositeness of the subject treated to the audience and to the occasion, and to justify the topic of discourse by its contemporary interest. As students interested more or less in law and politics, you will permit me to conform to custom even if it be a trifle stale. Pluralistic views to-day have a currency far beyond, I should think, their desert and, reflecting as they do some characteristic features, or shall we say maladies, of modern civilisation, they deserve some examination.

The State in India is manifest in a Government controlled by people from abroad and not very much responsible to the citizen for whose benefit it presumably exists. It would be hard to evoke much loyalty for this state or to reconcile ourselves to the prospect of a further magnification of this same state. The native political systems which we call Native States present, with notable but few exceptions, a picture of autocracy deriving in the last resort its vitality from the strong arm of a foreign power. It would again be a hard task to canvass support to any

* An extension lecture delivered in the University on the 29th August 1934.

ideal state of which these are possible realisations. Then linguistic and religious differences tend to throw us into camps in each of which the bond of unity seems to be merely the consciousness of difference from other camps. We belong either to communities which are persecuted by other communities with governmental assistance or connivance or we belong to the persecuting communities and do not get a fair share of the spoils which alone can justify persecution or at least make it less odious. As reformers we are vexed by our failure to force the pace of reform and as reactionaries we seek to safeguard our religious or social traditions by denying the competence of the State to modify these traditions. As capitalists and entrepreneurs we find governmental sympathy lukewarm and governmental interference irritating. As workers intellectual or manual we want but do not get a voice in the management of industries and are insufficiently protected against various forms of sweating. During many centuries of our history we have had great opportunities to acquire a group feeling which is at once territorial and communal. Recently we have also come to accept a theory of passive resistance which would put every legislative act to the test of the individual's moral conscience. This is but a hasty and, I am aware, inadequate summary of the factors that enter into our politics. No wonder then we seek diverse group autonomies, in the hope that thereby we may save ourselves from the perils of submergence or identification that would ensue if India were to be one great society. We still talk of a nation called India only because we hope for emancipation from alien control. But every time the hope seems near fulfilment, our fears are also roused. Sectionalism surges up and we remain consciously or unconsciously pluralists. In the west pluralism seeks to discredit the State which is "not equal to the demands now put upon it." We here are trying to make the emergence of the State itself impossible.

On the other hand our philosophic traditions are on the whole speculative. We do not fear metaphysics and we are prone to chop logic. In spite of Kautilya we have never exalted expediency or a pragmatic doctrine of waiting upon events. Fully aware of diversity, we have always sought the principle of unity which can give a certain coherence to the universe and our experience of the world around us.

And thus our immediate reaction to political stimuli to-day and our inherited traditions of thought seem to conflict. It is in this context that I would urge an examination of political pluralism. You will not expect me in one short lecture to examine pluralism fully or in great detail. I shall be content to discuss some aspects of the pluralist view of politics.

Let us first consider pluralism as a philosophy. It is a philosophy of protest against what it considers collectivist and absolutist ideas. It is also peculiarly English for its standpoint is individualistic and empirical. William James said, "Philosophy can well outflank Kant and build herself up into adequate fullness by prolonging more directly the older English lines." * Here you notice the reaction against Hegelianism *via* Kant in Green and the Hegelianism of Bradley and of Bosanquet. In another context James announced "...We are pluralists and pragmatists, philosophers of action." Insisting on his "piecemeal point of view", he says in *Some Problems of Philosophy*, "The distributive is identical with the pluralistic, as the collective is with the monistic conception."

The pluralist rejects the absolute, denies the static nature of the universe and dwells on diversity and difference. Obviously then, such a philosophy of flux and diversity cannot be confined to a single system and is

* Quoted in Jean Wahl: *Pluralistic Philosophies* p. 88.

incapable of theoretic and abstract definition. Pluralism cannot, therefore, be so much a philosophy as the expression of a temperament or a particular disposition. No wonder then that there are many pluralisms and much pragmatic metaphysic is pluralist in character. There is, however, one important article of the pluralist faith to which I would draw your attention. To the pluralist there is a 'root evil' in the world which we should not try to understand but attempt to destroy. It is this view which gives a melioristic bent to pluralism and makes it a "philosophy of action." And it is here that pluralism would stand out as a corrective to that idealism which in the contemplation of the absolute tends to blur the distinction between good and evil, to paralyse action. It is perhaps easy, but quite unnecessary for us now, to establish a reconciliation by the sage statement that monism and pluralism each presupposes the other. It is enough if we realise that pluralism as a philosophy of action, while it does not offer a solution of metaphysical problems, is a powerful weapon against the Absolutism which Bradley had wisely called a 'hard doctrine'. It furnishes a philosophy for the reformer who would perfect his work in time. (I may, in passing, ask you to remember that Green and Bosanquet have, however curiously, made Absolutism and Meliorism go together.) By its insistence on the irreducibility of phenomena it gives them a reality which idealism is apt to deny. Jean Wahl says, "the pluralist philosopher thinks not with his thoughts alone but also with his feeling and his will." I do not quite see how this can be done but when it is attempted in politics one may become anything from the philosophical anarchist to the conservative individualist.

Political pluralism is a term that is vague enough to include many theories and not precise enough to indicate a definite system. The one characteristic which is perhaps common to all pluralists is the distrust of the state which

they consider the political incarnation of the absolute. Here there are shades of opinion which support the anarchism of Kropotkin or the stateless state of Syndicalism or the discredited but undestroyed state of Mr. Laski. Again some would abolish the barren concept of Sovereignty while some would "distribute" the sovereignty between the groups within the state and the organs of international adjustment outside the state. And in the realm of jurisprudence, the pluralist would discover a newer basis for the law than the coercive power of the state.

The pluralist's objection to the state and his attack on the theory of sovereignty are both closely related. The subjection of groups within the state and the anarchy and immorality of international relations are the basic facts which prompt the attacks on state and sovereignty alike. Before we proceed to consider the objections to the legal theory of sovereignty and the juristic interpretation of the state, we shall see if there is a constructive theory of pluralism as to the organisation appropriate to statelessness or to the non-sovereign state. I may remind you that pluralism as a philosophy of expediency (I attach no stigma to this term) is the outcome of practical exigencies. It is therefore capable of exploitation both by revolutionaries and by the votaries of vested interests. In examining the constructive aspect of pluralism we may take into account actual experiments like the Fascist and Communist states. It will not be amiss to start with Sorel who is the inspirer of Bolshevism and Fascism. His philosophic progress is peculiarly instructive.

Sorel who published *Matériaux pour un théorie du Prolétariat* in 1919 and *Le Pragmatisme* in 1921 (he died in 1922) "began as a violent foe of political socialism and champion of Revolutionary Syndicalism a little later hobnobbed with the ultra-conservative Royalists of the "Action Française" ended his career as the defender of Lenin. Yet unity there

is, if we look at the principles on which his theory rested."* Students of proletarian thought and proletarian and pseudo-proletarian movements from Karl Marx to Hitler can have no difficulty in discovering the real unity lying below apparent contradiction. Prudhon said that the proletariat needed an organ by which it would acquire and realise its collective character. Sorel discovered the organ in the Syndicate which is a kind of revolutionary Trade Union unlike the mild and constitutional Trade Union familiar to the English speaking people. True it is that the Syndicalist hoped to destroy the state and pinned his faith to what has been called (in view of certain capitalist triumphs) the "Myth" of the General Strike. The French Labour movement as organised in the C. G. T. was for producer's control. But while much thought was given to the theory of direct action, no theory of social control was formulated to replace the old theory of the state. It is here that Sorel's views are most illuminating. He repudiates the notion of the General Will which has done such service to democracy. Revolutionary socialism must needs be pluralistic in its philosophy. Social unity and the doctrine of class war cannot be reconciled. In his *Matériaux*, Sorel says, "to understand properly the history of the proletariat you must adopt a pluralist standpoint." Revolutionary movements in recent times, have thus been inspired by a distrust of political democracy and a strong though ill-defined desire to establish a pluralistic organisation.

We may take this as a point of departure for the examination of the Bolshevist and Fascist states. These may be expected to demonstrate the achievements of occupational and regional organisation. The Soviet system as you are aware is a complicated hierarchy of bodies from the local Soviets to the Praesidium and the Council of Peoples' Commissars. We have also heard of a multitude of councils in the factory and the farm. While superficially this may

* Soltau: *French Political Thought in the Nineteenth Century* p. 445.

look like a practical achievement of pluralism we ought not to forget the facts of party dictatorship and the autocratic leadership of the party. It may be conceded that these are necessary in the period of transition; but of the post-transition stage we can speak with no certainty for the Bolshevists are groping after a final settlement. When and if the Soviets become self-acting, there will still be the coercive authority that "co-ordinates" and greatly resembles the sovereign state. Again, in international relations, in spite of the admirable sentiments of M. Litvinoff Russia has to behave much like any other bad old state. We may, however, recognise that the regional organisation of the various constituent parts in the Union of Soviet Republics can set the pattern for the unification of the world in a future international state. But even then the problem of authority remains and in the probable shift of the dictatorship from Moscow to Geneva, authority is unlikely to vanish.

We shall now turn to the Fascist State or Mussolini. The "corporative state" is full of pluralist potentialities. But Mussolini had once been a socialist and as a writer in the *Times Literary Supplement** remarks, "No one who has ever been a socialist escapes Hegel's influence." This would perhaps explain the somewhat surprising development of Fascism in Italy. Before enunciating the Fascist creed, Mussolini was a syndicalist. But Revolutionary syndicalism was translated into Fascist syndicalism and the Syndicalist idea was only exploited to strengthen the Fascist's hold on power. The first place went to the dictatorship of the Fascist party. This might have been 'necessary'. But will it be only transient? Does the Fascist organisation display any prospect of a permanence that would survive the dictator and the party dictatorship? We have all heard of the National Corporations. The Fascist confederation created these to "express national solidarity", to exist "as a

* Leading article in the issue dated 21st June 1934.

means of developing production."* Even in this original expression of the idea you can now discover the germ of later development. The corporations were supposed to bring together workers' syndicates and employers' federations. But then, the corporations have become an ornamental humbug. The syndicalist element in Fascism has vanished like the Cheshire cat and Mussolini has worked what may truly be called a miracle. Fascism has become a mystic and militant nationalism. Mussolini in his article on Fascism in the Italian Encyclopaedia only incidentally refers to corporative legislation and writes of the state "which should indeed be a state, with laws which would be respected, with an authority which would uphold respect for them, with a character which would secure recognition of its authority".† Here we see the totalitarian state where Guicciardini's faith in the growth of local autonomies finds strange fulfilment. "The groups stay within and under the compulsive idea of the nationalist state." If this can come to pass in Italy, where local autonomy had long existed even to the extent of becoming a menace, where syndicalist thought had had great influence, what hope can we have of the success of pluralist organisation elsewhere? We have only seen demonstrated both in Russia and Italy that though pluralist philosophy may act as a lever of political change and may even find embodiment in subordinate regional and vocational groups, the state remains not only unshaken, but more powerful than ever before.

We shall now turn to the other and purely theoretical attacks on the State and Sovereignty. The logical issue to pluralism, you will agree, is anarchy and the only objection I can see to this dictum is that pluralists would have already abolished logic. To the anarchist, (I hope you would not confuse him with the bomb-thrower) all

* From the manifesto quoted in Elliott: *The Pragmatic Revolt in Politics* p. 331.

† Quoted in the *Times Literary Supplement* 21st June 1934.

associations—and the state is only an association—should be voluntary and bereft of coercive power. If the coercive power of the state is objectionable from the point of view of the pluralist defender of groups, it is only reasonable to deny any part of the same power to the group in whatever manner constituted. Kropotkin has carried the theory of anarchy to its logical limits. Ultimately all organisation would become superfluous. The apparent absurdity of the theory lies only its premise that human nature can change and in a particular direction. The abolition or obsolescence of the state will depend on this change. Among those who would do away with the state, the Anarchist has at least logical consistency to his credit. Pure syndicalism is halting in its theory and applied syndicalism has only rejuvenated the vicious State.

There are the other pluralists who would keep the state but shear it of sovereignty. Much of the rigour of their attack on sovereignty is, I am afraid, derived from a profound and persistent misunderstanding of it. The received doctrine of sovereignty as you know dates from Bodin and so some have contended that it is an *ad hoc* doctrine synchronising with the rise of the modern state. Students of political theory can see the error of this view. The idea of a supreme authority in a given political unit is as old at least as Aristotle. It is the most vital element of Roman juristic thought. Even in the Middle Ages there is no interregnum. Mediaeval political speculation was not unconcerned with the problem of authority. When the modern state came into being it was no startling innovation to look upon it as the repository of this essential authority or sovereignty. Such a view is found in the writings of men of such widely varying political ideals as Bodin, Hobbes, Rousseau and Austin. It is not possible for me to explain the political theories of all these thinkers; but you do not need to be told that they nowhere suggest that sovereignty knows of no practical or moral limits. The

pluralists when they urge that there are practical limits to authority, (which is an observable fact), are not stating anything very new or very profound. Sovereignty has never been equated with omnipotence except in the imagination of the pluralist.

The charge that the theorists of Sovereignty recognise no moral or rational limit to State authority proceeds from a misconception of what has been called the Hegelian State. In the bitterness engendered during the last war, the Prussian state came to be looked upon as a political realisation of the 'Hegelian State'. But Hegel himself was a critic of French centralisation* and was pluralist enough to find room for corporations and groups within his state. It is true that he cannot justify resistance to the state; but there is nothing strange in it if you agree that the state is the highest moral person. This position is made clearer in the writings of the Neo—Hegelians in England who would insist on the identity of the ideal self of the citizen and the moral person of the state. The state is exalted only as a '*comprehensive* agency for moral development'. Neither Hegel nor Hegelians had anything to do with the particular development of Prussian autocracy. The state according to Hegel exists to promote morality and well-being. It is not an end in itself but the perfect means to the greatest ends of society. The very definition of the moral ends of the state brings an automatic check on the extent of state authority.

As for the older theorists, Bodin is aware of a fundamental law superior to the sovereign. The State of Grotius gives men the benefit of law and exists for the common advantage. Rousseau's Sovereignty is manifest in the General Will and this is no absolutism. But it is Austin that has come in for a good deal of vehement if irrelevant criticism. That analyst of positive law, you will agree,

* Cf. Hsiao: *Political Pluralism.*

pretended to be nothing else. He defined law as a command but he nowhere suggests that the supreme competence to legislate is the same as sovereignty. This is very important and this is often overlooked. Hence the absurdities about legal and political sovereigns perpetrated by Bryce and Dicey. Professor Lowes Dickinson deplored the needless confusion that "has been created by using the word Sovereignty to designate the practical leverage which the electorate has over an elective legislative organ." Austin is no more responsible for this confusion than for the other confusion between the constitutional, pre-constitutional and extra-constitutional aspects of the problem of authority. This latter confusion accounts for the discovery by some critics of a terrific Leviathan in the sovereign of Austin's theory. The Austinian sovereign (who is always an 'It') is a collectivity—a determinate sovereign number. But the constitution makes the determination. The sovereign receives habitual obedience. Yet there is nothing in Austin precluding various possibilities; the sovereign may overthrow the constitution or the people may overthrow the sovereign and or the Government. Given a constitution, you can discover a sovereign, you can discover the force whose command is the law. Surely, this is no dangerous doctrine. In the words of Professor Manning *, Austin insisted "that Authority is merely the reflex of habitual obedience, that in default of this all is vanity." We may however ask how constitutions arose. There are many answers from the Contract of Hobbes to the "Initial hypothesis" of Kelson. But Austin is not concerned with this question for it does not fall within the scope of positive law. So far as the legal approach to sovereignty is concerned, the interposition of a theory of moral restraint to authority is irrelevant and meaningless. No one would deny that in society moral restraints ought and do operate. We may indeed embody ideas of restraint in various political institutions. Yet it

* Lecture on Austin in *Modern Theories of Law* (O. U. P. 1932).

would be foolish to expect thereby to escape the recipient of habitual obedience, the sovereign of the positive lawyer. Admitting the existence of limits to authority imposed by expediency and ethics, we still need a determinate superior and no theory of sovereignty, so far as I can see, has been a mad theory of state absolutism.

Yet state sovereignty is assailed by pluralists on other grounds. They contend that law is superior to the state, that the state is bound by international obligations and that groups within the state are not mere creatures of the state.

How far is the state subject to law? You will see at once that the 'law' of this question is not the law which is the command of the sovereign. Conceptions of law have varied among different peoples at different times. Much avoidable perplexity is created for lack of definite terminology which is the curse of social science and a temptation to able if slightly unscrupulous controversialists. To the Greek, law was in the words of Declareuil "the broker of metaphysics and ethics". In many primitive communities law was not the result of the legislative process, but an accepted code in which legislative interference cannot ordinarily be tolerated. The analytical jurist studying the concrete facts of law looks to legislation as the source of law, tends to stress the law-making authority of the sovereign. The speculative philosopher is interested in law as a manifestation of the idea of justice in human society. Pluralists however seek to adopt a 'sociological' attitude to law. The sociologist is led to think of law as a sort of social product and is not bothered by any analytical compulsion. If we accept law as a social product, as a result of some vague though powerful social urge, we may on that ground separate law and the state from the old bonds that bound them together. Pluralists have pressed this view into service and declare (1) that the state does not *make* law, and (2) that the state should be under the law. Here we seem

to hear the mediæval doctrine of the supremacy of law (we should not forget that the state was unknown in the Middle Ages) tinctured with the familiar theory of Natural Law. It is indeed a kind of Thomism.

We can now turn to the theories of some famous jurists. Duguit propounded an objective notion of law, of a law independent of and anterior to the state. The *droit* of Duguit is a bundle of the rules of conduct which bind men together in society. These rules must be obeyed if society is to be kept together. But the victory of the sociological over the political is Pyrrhic. The rules had to subserve an end and the end as Duguit designated it was " social solidarity ". Duguit denied the coercive power of the sovereign which had furnished the basis of the old analytical jurisprudence. He sought to avoid the metaphysics that he ridiculed and hoped to derive social laws on the analogy of biological laws. He clung to facts and had to admit after all the solidarite sociale. On this it would be enough to quote one sentence from Mr. Elliott and another from Mr. Laski. The first runs thus: " From a juristic standpoint it is surely a jejune explanation of the character of government under law to offer in complete explanation of its origin and character the so-called fact of social solidarity and then to offer as the possibility of that social solidarity the assumption of government under law as still another fact." *

The second is from a recent lecture by Mr. Laski: " At bottom it (social solidarity) is one of two things: either it is a criterion of goodness in legislation, in which case differences of interpretation about the facts surround it with a vagueness which is unsatisfactory for the purpose of positive jurisprudence; or, as it becomes when Duguit has drawn from it the inferences he believes it to contain as a programme, it is a body of principles which ought to be realised in law because such realisation assists the end the State is intended to serve." †

* Elliott: *op. cit.* p. 257.

† *Modern Theories of Law* p. 63.

No comment is needed. The state is not eliminated and we are back again in the jungle of Natural Law. (It is interesting to note that later, in the same lecture, Mr. Laski says that the development which he now favours had been foreshadowed in William of Ockham).

Krabbe another jurist favoured by the Pluralists does not dispense with the state but regards law as arising independently of the state. Sometimes he seems to place the law above the state. But in the *Modern Idea of the State* he says: "The essential mark of the state is that it is a legal community." . . . . . . "The authority of the state is nothing but the authority of law." I shall not lead you into the argument about the "identification" of state and law. It is enough to note that he agrees with Duguit in maintaining that law is not *made* by the state or any other association. But he proceeds to give a subjective interpretation of law. From this Mr. Laski argued for instance that the power of parliament is situate in it not by law but by consent. This is a curious deduction and Mr. Laski had apparently forgotten, as Mr. Elliott points out, that Krabbe insists on the "unity of legal rule." According to Krabbe there is a community sense of right which supports the sovereign who commands consent and makes possible the unity of legal rule. Krabbe studied carefully will prove no supporter of pluralism.

Gierke is often quoted as a jurist who took a pluralistic view of society and law. His great researches in Germanic law brought out many curious facts, including the antiquity of corporations and groups, some of them anterior to the state as we know it. His Genossenschafttheorie asserted the reality of corporations. His disciple Maitland made use of the theory to attack the legal notion of corporations as 'fictitious' persons; and Maitland was not concerned with the political consequences of the theory or the philosophical problems raised by it. He only found use

for it in the English law controversy over the 'personality' of corporations. But Gierke, the jurist, urged "the harmonious union of unity and plurality in the collectivity", a relation "in no respect one of antagonism but one of interdependence." * This certainly is not legal pluralism.

Of other pluralistic writers it may be generally said that they deny that law is based on the coercive power of the state. They are also unwilling to accept law as an expression of will. This is a difficult position and so some assert that law is "an evaluation of interest." Such statements merit no serious consideration. It is a futile conflict where the monist view of law as the will of a political institution (or as the command of a sovereign) is opposed to the pluralist view of law as the "evaluations" made by various groups (or, more simply, as something other than the old law). But you will have realised that the attack on the 'monist' theory of law has damaged neither the theory of the state nor of sovereignty.

We may now examine how far international obligations impose limits on state authority. There is a spate of books on this subject from the *Great Illusion* onwards. The reaction against 'anarchy' in international relations can be discovered in the old unholy alliances, that succeeded and preceded indifferently the wars of European History. The last reaction has given us the League of Nations and here the opponents of sovereignty see a palpable limitation to it. As a matter of history the League does not seem to be very different in essence from the old alliances and the old diplomacy is not yet killed off. The World State is steadily receding. Even if we were to get it in time, how is the problem of authority altered? If groups to-day can exist within the state and preserve their autonomy (according to the pluralist), then, the state can be a member of a group of states and yet preserve its sovereignty, for

* Quoted in Sobei Mogi: *Otto Von Gierke.*

the abrogation of sovereignty, it must be presumed, is voluntary and just what is needed for an accepted common purpose.

Another familiar pluralist argument is that the modern state lacks homogeneity and that our loyalties often belong to groups which transcend the territorial limits of the state. This is true, but do we get over the difficulty by either abolishing or emasculating the state? There is, profound truth in Mr. Barker's remark, "A true internationalism must recognise the existence of the state in all its fullness." Mr. Barker has elsewhere reminded us that the "Discredited State" has still a way of regaining wavering loyalties in a crisis. Man is still a political animal.

Lastly there is the claim of the groups within the state. I have already indicated that Gierke and Maitland were no pluralists. When Dr. Figgis as a churchman pleaded for the autonomy of religious associations he did not deny the superior position of the State. Mr. Laski started as an "exponent of contingent anarchy" and the disciple of James and Duguit. His *Studies in the Problems of Sovereignty* (1917) and his *Authority in the Modern State* (1919) are the ablest of his contributions to political thought. He was then a vigorous critic of sovereignty and an equally vigorous advocate of the rights and authority of associations. The *communitas communitatem* was a much discredited community among other and better communities. "Government does not range over the whole area of human life." "The State is only one among many forms of human associations." It competes with other associations in its claim upon human obedience. Mr. Laski denied all ultimate authority. He ridiculed the idea of General Will. He held that the individual was directly a member of the group and not of the state. He exploited Maitland's legal view of the real personality of the

group. There was a struggle between associations and Mr. Laski was confident that in that struggle the State would not survive for it was not the fittest. The associations were both vocational and regional. But no unifying principle (like the Federalism which Dicey had styled Legalism) was necessary. If we could have expected a systematic exposition of political pluralism, it was from Mr. Laski. But his Grammar of Politics and his later political utterances have taken him off the category of political pluralists. Traces of young enthusiasm still survive, but note these sentences. "It (the State) speaks not for some, but for all. It decides not for a few, but for the whole."....... "In such a fashion the state might become a genuine search for social integration." Is this pluralism? And "integration" reminds me of phrases like "interdependence" and "interpenetration" which you find in Miss Follett's *The New State*, a piece of 'Hegelian' pluralism which can please Haldane and Bosanquet. The young anarchist can grow to be the old meliorist.

The chief difficulty that besets the group theorist is that of devising adequate and self-contained groups to comprehend all men. We have observed constant allusions to Churches and Trade Unions. Do these two categories exhaust man's interests? Vocational grouping has been advocated by Guild Socialists but even they seek a *deus ex machina* in the shape of the Democratic Court of Functional Equity. No plan, not even that of the indefatigable Webbs, can embrace the multitude of vocations, interests of the workers and the hobbies of the idle. Regional groupings are again difficult in view of the conflicting claims of geography, race, language and culture. And even regional grouping would involve a federal authority, while the exaltation of the written constitution and along with it its interpreter, the Judiciary, would point to an unmistakable monism. The political experiments in Russia and Italy throw into clear light the practical difficulties in the way of securing vocational and regional autonomies.

In conclusion I hope it will be apparent that much political pluralism of the theoretic kind is a captious wrangle over ancient and perhaps unsatisfactory terms like 'sovereignty', 'state' and 'law'. It has been prompted by an excusable enthusiasm for a thoroughly 'scientific' treatment of politics. But the victims have more or less permanently lost the wood in the trees. Their critical successes, such as they have been, have outrun their constructive ability.

I do not deny that man has taught himself many new and wonderful tricks or that he can learn to add to his stock. But he cannot, it seems to me, at any time cease to be a social and therefore a political animal. As an imaginative picture of a world without coercive organisation wherein men are free and ensure their freedom by respecting the freedom of others, anarchism has undoubted attraction for all thinking men. Yet the political animal is always creating organisations. The ideal then would be the realisation of the most basic and universal of human needs in an appropriately large and expanding organisation such as the state has so long been. The state may expand in territory and also in function and shed its present capitalistic, nationalistic and racial preoccupations as the state has in the past shed its dynastic and religious preoccupations. There is no logical half way house between the Monist theory at one end and Anarchism at the other.

The pluralist seeks to precipitate in a defined pattern the social complexities of the present time and he has greater faith in the tie of partnership in some economic activity, the tie of neighbourhood in some small region or the tie of a particular religious communion than in the historical ties of patriotism or the urge of human brotherhood. Therefore pluralism is intolerant of reason and suspicious of the intellect. It calls for a new metaphysic and a new logic before it can supply a new political science to a new world.

We in India are now most likely to be tempted to think "not with our thoughts alone but with our wills and emotions." That would be a disaster. If I have persuaded some of you to desire a closer and a critical acquaintance with pluralistic writers, to think in terms of the larger unit, the state, in whose context we are, as individuals and members of groups, embedded and whose well-being is the condition precedent to our individual and communal well-being, I have in a measure achieved what I set out to do.

Pandora's Box

THAT night, I was returning from Pondicherry where I had been spending my holidays. I had had quite a time of it there. I had visited the countryside and my hunt had proved successful. I do not mean I am a big-game-hunter; but I am a bit of an insect collector. I had secured a rare species of beetle. As a matter of fact, I had discovered (at any-rate, I thought I had) a new species of beetle. I had planned out the future of the animal (for I had been fortunate enough to get only one specimen). So I was feeling quite contented as I sat in the train.

The night was clear. The moon had not yet risen. But since it was only about half an hour before moon-rise, the outline of the eastern-hills could be seen as a silvery white streak. The constellations away to the south were very beautiful. The landscape stretched far to the south, dark and gloomy. The train was moving pretty fast. The breeze was very cool and refreshing. I placed my chin on the window sill and fixed my gaze on the thickets that were flying past. The sound which the wheels made as they whirled along the rails was musical. The rhythmical jerk which the body experienced was very pleasant. I passed from the state of semi-wakefulness, when one is poetic, to the realms of dream where everything is sweet.

* * * *

The engine uttered a shriek and I woke up with a start. I consulted my watch and found it was one o'clock in the morning. It was when I was looking at my watch that I became aware that something was moving beside me. I turned my eyes in that direction and found a

pleasant-looking old gentleman smiling at me. I contracted my brows, puzzled.

'I have met you somewhere', he began. I felt disinclined to talk. One does, when an interlocutor directs at one a keen and searching glance as my interlocutor did.

'Well,' I said coldly.

'Were you not in the—Hotel at Pondicherry?'

'What about that?' I queried.

'I lodged in the room, to the right of yours'

'I see'. I turned away my head and tried to put an end to the conversation. The gentleman was silent for a time.

Then, 'I can understand why you are so cold towards me', he put in abruptly.

'What do you mean?'

'We are in the same boat.'

'I can't understand you.'

'I must congratulate you upon the way in which you brought away the stuff.'

'What are you driving at?' I asked irritated.

'Do you refuse to understand me? Then, I know what you have got in that box.'

Now I was really dismayed. Did he know that I possessed that specimen, that which was going to bring me fame? Was he really after it? I had been rather too talkative at the Pondicherry hotel. If the fellow was really after it, it would be difficult for me to grapple with him, for he was a veritable giant. I turned away my head and remained in thought for a while. My face should have undergone a change. It should have betrayed fear.

Somebody touched my shoulder. I turned to meet the gentleman standing bolt-upright with two ruffians on either side of him. 'Open your box', he said sternly.

Have you seen a beast at bay? A cat, say, at bay? I was then a cat at bay. My courage returned to me when things turned out to be like this. I determined to guard my specimen and not let it pass into his hands, even if it should cost me my life.

'I won't,' I said.

'You will not, eh? Then we will force it open', he said. The next moment we were all rolling in a heap on the floor. I was soon overpowered and one of the ruffians placed his foot on my chest. I knew he would break open my box. I piteously cried: "Don't open the box, don't, for pity's sake. I'll give you a thousand rupees if you want." But my words seemed to produce exactly the contrary of the effect intended. There was a snap as the lock of my trunk gave way. The villain had taken out the card-board box and was going to open it.

I tried persuasion once more . . . . But I was too late. He had already opened it.

'Damn it'. He uttered a cry and dropped the box. He pulled at his finger with all his might. Blood was streaming down. I guessed what had happened. The beetle, infuriated by the disturbance caused to its peaceful slumber, had taken its chance at his finger which was most handy.

'Suck his life'. I cried gleefully. The ruffian took his leg off my chest in discomfiture. I rose up. Pity dawned on me as I saw the thief leaping like a piece of cork in a rushing torrent. I advanced and gently pulled off the beetle and locked it up in my box.

'Now, what is the game?' I asked, turning triumphantly. I later learnt that he was a detective on the trail of a thief, who had walked off with a pearl necklace. He had mistaken me for the thief and this was the result. I laughed and proceeded to explain everything. All of us broke out into such a guffaw in the end that passengers in the other compartments peeped out to assure themselves that an explosion had not really taken place.

K. V. SRINIVASAN, II CLASS.

Africa-returned husband—Early one morning I shot an elephant in my pyjamas.

Home-staying wife—Lord! How did the brute get there?

Away with Eye-glasses

THERE is now a vast increase in the use of spectacles by all people, irrespective of age. Even children use them. The whole race, it seems, is being slowly converted into a four-eyed one! If only we should go to a doctor and complain of headache, or any other nervous trouble affecting eye-sight, the doctor at once prescribes a set of glasses. Some eye-specialists have gone even so far as to say that all children going to school, should wear glasses either to relieve their imperfect sight or to prevent their eyes from failing. We find usually the spectacle-wearer increasing the power of the lenses from time to time and in many cases a stage is reached when he can no longer increase the power and is brought to a condition almost of blindness. Such a one was Harry Benjamin of London.

Benjamin began to wear glasses (of minus 10 dioptres) even at the age of five, and kept paying periodical visits to the eye-specialist. He went on increasing the power every four or five years, until at the age of 26 he was wearing glasses of minus 18 dioptres. He was wearing the strongest possible glasses when he was 28. His eye-sight was failing rapidly; he decided to do something drastic, but the specialist had told him that nothing more could be done for him! His eyes became almost blind; he was desperate, he gave up his job and went to a village to live there with his relations. It was now that a friend of his got a book named "Normal Sight Without Glasses", by Dr. Bates, M.D. of New York. It was read to him. From this book he learnt that glasses never cure defective vision, and that the eye should be re-educated and trained to see without glasses, by means of certain exercises set to the eye which aim at removing the strained condition of the muscles and the nerves of the eyeball. Benjamin began

to practise Dr. Bates' method; he got a slight improvement in a month; he could move about with some difficulty, though there was no further improvement. Then he met another follower of the Bates' method who was also a naturopath. This man put him on a sensible nature-cure diet of fruits and vegetables, gave him sun-baths and curative cooling baths. By the end of three weeks he was able to read very slowly and painfully—without glasses. After about two and a half years of treatment he regained normal sight. He has since brought out a book giving his personal experience.

This is not the only triumph of natural methods. Benjamin has himself treated many patients suffering from defects of the eye such as myopia (short sight), presbyopia (long sight) and cataract. Two cases of cataract were quite successfully treated some sixteen years ago at Pudukotah by Dr. Sarma K. Lakshman, the Nature-cure specialist of the place, without any operation and by natural methods alone. Dr. Agharwal, an eye-specialist of U. P., is curing myopia in school children by means of Bates' exercises and by exposing the face to the influence of the sun's rays. Granular eyes also have been treated by the writer by adopting the sun-gazing-method. In these cases the root cause of the defective state of the general health is tackled and removed by means of a reformed, that is to say, a highly positive diet, of vegetables and fruits, and by means of sun-baths, sun-gazing, curative cooling baths, and other nature-cure methods.

Not only are the glasses costly and so unfit for the poor, they are positively harmful. There is always the danger of their breaking and causing injury to the wearer and also of their preventing many from participating in athletics and social pastimes generally. Another evil is that the spectacles accommodate the eye in a fixed and unchangeable way, with the result that the strained condition

of the muscles of the eye is intensified and the cause of the trouble is thus not only not removed but is aggravated by the so-called aids to vision. Yet they are considered a boon! Why? Because people innocently believe that defective vision is incurable and that the only remedy is the wearing of glasses. They do not know that the nature-cure practice has conclusively proved that all cases of defective vision are curable.

The belief in the value and the necessity of glasses for the defects of the eye is based upon the assumption that defective vision is due to changes in the shape of the lens of the eye which are supposed to be permanent and can only be alleviated by suitable lenses. But the experiments of Dr. Bates prove that these defects are not due to such changes in the shape of the lens of the eye, but only to functional derangement that is capable of being overcome by simple natural methods. According to him, the traditional theory for the accommodation of the eye is wrong; the mechanism of the eye is like that of a photographic camera; the muscles surrounding the eye-ball act upon it and move the back of the eye towards the lens when a distant object is viewed and *vice versa*. Thus he concludes that the strain on the muscles and nerves keeps the eye in a fixed position which renders the seeing of distant objects difficult in the case of myopia and near objects in the case of presbyopia. This theory seems correct; for how else is the accommodating function of the eyes of those who have been operated upon for cataract to be explained? Proceeding upon this he has evolved a system of exercises to the eyes such as palming, swinging, and blinking, for the purpose of giving relaxation to the nerves and muscles of the eyes, and removing their stiffness. His method aims at removing the patient's mental and physical strain and thereby his eye-strain which is unfortunately a condition very common nowadays and well-nigh inseparable from the conditions of high speed and high pressure under which we live.

But this alone cannot be the sole cause. The eye is part of the body, like any other organ. To look upon the eye as something apart and capable of functioning by itself is fallacious. It is quite incorrect to look upon defective vision as a local disorder. The sufferer must realise that inability to see normally, and headaches or nausea, induced by the reasonable use of the eyes, are symptoms of physical and nervous derangements which may not at all have their origin in the eyes. Ignorance of these facts leads many to suppose that glasses are the obvious and the final remedy. The Secretary of the Dispensing Opticians Ltd., of London says in an article in the Daily Telegraph, Aug. 1st, 1933, that "in fact many cases of impaired vision are due to disease of the body which cannot be cured by the use of spectacles, though suitable lenses may improve vision and temporarily at any rate, give relief from the associated symptoms, that a complete cure will seem to have been effected." It is here that the Bates' method fails. It ignores the other deep-rooted causes. But natur-opathy takes into consideration all the causes and there is complete success as can be seen from Benjamin's case. The glasses supplied for correcting the refractive error present in the eye, do in fact put an end, for the time being, to the symptoms of poor sight. Thus the glasses will merely serve to conceal or relieve the warning symptoms leaving the more serious cause both undiscovered and unrelieved. *Such treatment is like stopping the clock in the vain hope of arresting the advance of time.* It is not natural, especially for the young, to wear glasses; it will only lead to racial degeneracy.

L. KAMESVARAN, B. SC.

Rajani

I

"WHY this sad and wistful expression, Rajani? Why these tears? Do you regret your flight? Do you prefer his hand and life-long misery to my love?"

"Don't you tease me, my love? Would you grudge my father even this last tribute of a few tear-drops? In spite of his obstinacy in this, he has been to me such an indulgent father. Poor father! I would never have left him but for you.........But how far are we from home now?"

'Barely a league. The hedge we cleared last is only the farm-hedge. But why that question? There is at any rate a safe thirty miles between your father and ourselves to-night. Moreover it is an unusual route we have taken. There is little chance of his coming this way even if he were to return home this very night.'

'Are you sure? I don't know why, but I feel a strange palpitation of heart, an uneasy foreboding of some evil. Oh, dear! Why should God have created you the son of a hunter and me the daughter of a chief, if it were His design to unite us? They say that the course of true love never runs smooth, but can anything be so strewn with impediments as this love of ours?' And she threw her hands round his neck, raising herself to be kissed.

It was a fervent kiss. Rajani, the brave daughter of the mountain chief of Nilambur, having given her noble lover and tutor Rama Ramanan, her whole heart, held nothing in the world equal to the caresses of the emperor of her heart. She had sacrificed her everything for his sake

joining her heart to his, and cared not for aught else. She did not believe in the accident of birth. Every action of her lover was prominently characterised by a width of vision and nobility of disposition. But with her womanly intuition, she felt that something ill was about to happen to frustrate their plans of elopement. Her nerves were on edge and her whole frame shook. She clung closer to her lover and looked fearfully around as they rode faster and faster over the mountain valley. Then suddenly the whizz of an arrow flashed past her ears and the next instant horse and riders came crashing to the ground.

It was a terrible fall. Both the victims were unconscious for a time. But when they came to themselves, they found that they were both prisoners in the hands of the mountain chief. His soldiers had formed a squadron round Rama Ramanan and were waiting for him to regain consciousness; while he, the chief himself, was attending to his daughter. It was an unexpected event and Ramanan's first impulse was to fight with the captors until he fell. But the imploring looks of Rajani made his purpose melt away and he stood helpless before his enemies like that slender figure that occupied his thoughts. What could he do? Of course he could fight single-handed against a whole host of them and perish in the strife; but would he not by so doing, be losing a chance, if any might arise, of saving his beloved? He had wooed and won her with great difficulty and had induced her to elope with him. Would it not be now unfair on his part after all this to leave her to suffer alone the consequences of it and die, though nobly, at the hour of her need? Surely he would not do it. He would face the worst, if the worst should happen, if it was for her.

But as he looked around him, his eyes encountered the chief's with a look so full of anger and resentment that he shrank back a little. "Ungrateful villain," he burst forth,

"you could not have been more treacherous. If my wife had not foreseen some such event you would have bolted away with my child."

Ramanan made no reply. He simply hung down his head in shame and let the chief say whatever he liked, for he thought it was none of his business to retaliate. But he looked at Rajani where she stood crest-fallen beside her father, the very picture of despair and said, 'My girl, people may fail to understand us now. But believe me, as sure as there is a God above, one day or other it shall be your father's lot to repent what he does."

At this the chief broke into a sardonic laughter. He had half a mind then to draw his rapier and hew down the impudent hind but he checked himself. "When you are destined to a direr death, I should be disgracing my ancestral sword by cutting your base throat with it," he said and turning to his retinue, ordered the prisoners to be taken to his mountain fastness.

Immediately Ramanan was bound hand and foot by a couple of soldiers and placed on horse back. He did not struggle, for he knew that nothing could be more foolish and so was borne through the woodland towards the castle. When they reached there, they led him to a suite of sinister-looking cells on the rear of the fortress and opening one of them, he was thrust into it. But as the grating sound of the key in the pad-lock echoed its last faint breath, he heard the stifled sobs of Rajani wafted through the still air. It was his death-knell. Rajani was now helpless in the hands of her father, with not a single soul on earth to oppose his will. He was sure to force her to wed the man of his choice, and would be quite ruthless in his methods to break down the girl's opposition. The thought was maddening and with a shrill piercing cry he fell unconscious on the prison floor.

II

While Ramanan lay thus unconscious in the lonesome prison-house cruelly stricken with sorrow at the helplessness of his fiancée, the girl herself was sitting in her room with faded face and care-worn looks. After they had reached the castle, her father himself had taken her to her rooms and had left her there in charge of a couple of trusty dames. He had on his way back from the woods announced to her his intention of marrying her to his nephew. She had already sinned enough, he said, had exploited even now to the fullest all his patience. He could not tolerate disobedience any longer. She should try to banish from her mind all thoughts of that treacherous dog of a hunter. He would give her an hour to think over the matter and should have a reply at the end of that period.

Poor girl! she was in a very pitiable plight. Ramanan had asked for her love and she had given it to him, and having given it away once, the pure bashful maiden was too tender, too modest, too trustful, too weak, too much woman to recall it. Indeed, in loving him she had not consulted her convenience. But it was her fond hope that somehow or other she would be able to reconcile her parents to the idea of his being their son-in-law. He was so handsome, so brave, so like a born aristocrat, she thought. And now! This unlucky mishap had undone the work of many a year. The long laborious edifice of a life of love and constancy, raised upon what unaccounted struggles and unknown sacrifices God alone knows, had crumbled down to the earth. It had left her friendless, parentless, helpless. But come what might, she had sworn fealty to her lover and was determined to keep it at all cost.

Her father came back punctually at the end of the hour and seating himself by her side said "I have arranged

your wedding for the day after tomorrow. Prepare yourself for it. I but now sent for Sahadev and he will be here positively before tomorrow."

The day after tomorrow! It was so unexpectedly near that the pale-faced girl reeled under the shock of its suddenness. She knew the unbending nature of her father and how he would carry out what he meant to do. She remembered too how Ramanan was powerless and bound, perhaps groping at that very moment in the impenetrable darkness of his cell. She looked wildly at her father as if imploring his mercy. But in him she could read nothing but sternness and determination. Then she suddenly sprang to her feet, "Father, I can't marry cousin Sahadev and I won't" she cried.

The chief was surprised, nay startled. This resolution and courage, on the part of his daughter was so unexpected. But he concealed his emotions and asked threateningly, "Won't you?" "No, I will not."

"You shall" he said and rose to his feet, his face livid with indignation. "I can't! I won't! No, No, I will not" moaned the girl in agony.

The chief was shocked again, but this time painfully. The ring of agony in his daughter's voice, had not failed to set in vibration some of the parental chords of his heart. He began to feel an inward compassion, an unaccountable softness of heart, something the like of which he had never experienced before. But it did not last long and his native stubbornness of purpose regaining its hold on him he seized her by the hand and said "You don't mean what you say. You shall marry Sahadev and that without any muttering", in a voice so full of menace, that the girl's 'never' died unvoiced on her trembling lips. Almost involuntarily she shrank back from him, and turning her face aside began to sob aloud.

"Give me your promise, Rajani. It is always better for you to be guided by your father" came in his voice, a little softened. But she made no reply. She had made up her mind to withstand him even if it were to cost her, her life.

'Rajani', he addressed her a second time. But she still remained silent. Then he thundered forth. "Impudent wretch! As sure as I am your father you shall rue this bitterly. You have today disobeyed me as none else has done before and I know it is all for his sake. Believe me, before the sun sets tomorrow you shall hear how the ravens have feasted on his carcass" and pushing her aside, prepared to leave the room. But unwittingly he had hit at the vital spot. It was too much for her, the death of her lover through her disobedience and she clutched violently at his feet and cried out, "Father! oh, father! spare him, spare him!" But the chief was not to be pacified. He freed himself ruthlessly from her desperate grasp and strode out of her room, muttering and grumbling like one out of his mind.

III

It was almost morning when Ramanan regained consciousness. He had been lying in a state of torpidity all through the night his head having struck violently against the prison floor, as he fell. It ached intolerably and the whole room seemed to him as if enveloped in a mist. He tried to get up but he could not. He pressed his hand against his brow and made an effort to grasp what had befallen him, but he again failed. There was a veil of confusion obstructing his vision because of which he could find no order in his thought. However, supporting himself by the wall, he slowly rose from his reclining posture and was endeavouring to get at the exit when he heard a loud knock from somewhere near him. Then a sound like that of the grating of a massive door

followed and a messenger clad all in black stood before him.

"Sir," he began after a deep obeisance, "it is our chief's order that you should be beheaded today at eleven for having seduced his daughter, by taking a mean advantage of the confidence he had placed in you in appointing you her tutor. If you have any last wish, it is your right now to claim it."

What!... to be beheaded!... for having seduced his daughter! he listened thunder-struck. With a hoarse groan he sank on the floor renting his hair and talking incoherently. He did not care what became of him. It was nothing when compared to the helplessness of his love. What would she do now, when he, her sole light was extinguished? It was maddening. The image of his love with her long curly tresses reaching down to her knee and that modest cast which so well characterised her, rose before him piteously woe-begone. Vainly, vainly did he endeavour to control his emotions; vainly did he struggle against his rushing tears. The agony was excruciating. He rolled on the floor and fluttered like a half-slain bird. But suddenly a calm overspread his mien and he lay still for a few seconds. Then he spoke, "Messenger, name this as my last wish that I desire this ring of mine to be given to my love with these words, 'Cruelty and injustice are the sole monopoly of this world. But there is a world above where right thrives and justice triumphs. There shall we meet if it is His will. Yet, I shall not leave you without giving you something, to remind you of me. Here is my ring, a gift from my father, given to me just before his death. Let it also be my last gift to you'". And to the herald he handed over a jewelled ring.

"Faithfully will I deliver your message. But good sir, adieu for the present," said the messenger and left the

room, not entirely without being moved by the great love that stirred in the breast of the condemned man.

An hour passed, an hour of serene tranquillity and subdued emotions. It was the last chapter of his life and finis was about to be written and the book closed for ever. He was soon to be a martyr to the cause of love. It was a cruel decree of Destiny; but he did not shrink from it. When once it became clear, that there was no chance of his escape, that there was no other alternative but to be swallowed up by the glowing flame of love, he did not fret or fume in fear of death. The undaunted soldier that he was, he decided to clasp it with no hesitating hand.

But at that time there was a timid knock at the prison door. Then slowly the door was opened and before he could see well who the intruder was, there rushed forth into his arms his own Rajani. "Oh, dear! I am yours for ever. Call me your wife, call me so. He has relented. He has consented" she gasped forth.

He was honestly puzzled. Could it be true, he began to doubt. But her words, "He has relented. He has consented" rang like music in his ears. There was in addition the material evidence of his love's ecstatic embrace too. But still it was so strange, so dream-like. Had any one whispered to him a few minutes before, that this lovely creature would thus repose in his arms, had any one hinted to him the possibility of such an occurrence, he would have spurned it as something ridiculous and absurd. Yet there, in that very prison, where to him had been delivered his death sentence but an hour ago, he was now holding in his embrace that very thing for which he was about to embrace death. Such are the strange inequities of life.

For a short time they were dumb-founded. Then he broke in.

"Is it a dream or a reality?"

"It is no dream" she assured him. "It is only the ring."

"The ring?"

"Yes; through the ring you sent me, your father has been identified as a wrongly banished noble of his. To make amends for the wrong done to the father he has now decided to give the son his . . . . ."

She did not finish the sentence. A fervent kiss she thought would better convey what she left unsaid.

K. B. K. NAYAR, V HONS.

Optician—(After careful examination of young man's eyes)—Here is no case for a pair of spectacles.

Young man—Prescribe the spectacles. Don't you trouble about the case. I'll get one in the bazaar.

The decay of Mustache

In great perplexity and grief of mind,
I turn to thee at length for succour kind,
Sage Editor of our Miscellany,
Having been told by friends—they are many—
That none distressed that has thy aid invoked,
Has e'er been known to have thy wrath provoked.
Avoiding then prevarication vain,
Which oft, 'tis said, has been good causes' bane,
My sore complaint I lay before thy feet,
That thou may'st judge, if 'tis not right and meet,
That something should be done before 'tis late,
To make men pause and gravely cogitate.

I mourn manhood's deterioration,
And this is scarce an exaggeration.
But nowhere does it more clearly show
Than in the sad decline of mustachio—
Once the proud mark of masculinity,
And the despair of femininity.
Time was when ev'ry sire possessed a pair
Of lusty growth reared with studious care,
To which his hopeful lad in turn aspired,
And by their pleasing sight was e'er inspired.
And what variety! O Editor!
That spoke the art of their first creator.
Their shapely curls and forms and noble sweep
(To think of which does make me almost weep)
In black or brown or grey or silv'ry hue
Did well their lords with luring charm endue.
Pray, ask the ladies if it is not true!

But times have changed, and greater is my woe.
The plague of fashion, man's eternal foe,
Has laid its with'ring touch on manhood's fame

And turned it, alas, to a thing of shame.
Hence languishing by slow and sure degrees,
Like tender grass in summer's sun-warmed breeze,
It has become the mark of idle wit,
Which to repeat, I think, is hardly fit.
"A shaven lip!" in rapture cries the youth—
The slave of fashions quaint and modes uncouth—
He asks for a Gillette when scarcely ten,
And lacerates his skin like grown-up men!
Thus having lost the bloom of manly grace
In folly bears his inexpressive face,
His upper lip widowed before its time,
Misses in life the glory of its prime.

But why should I prolong my doleful strains
And add to thy Editorial pains?
But lo! a happy ray relieves my gloom,
Which yet, I think, might save manhood from doom.
For whatsoe'er the sons of folly do
To make them less like men and prove untrue,
Still Nature scarce depressed eternal springs
On human lips; its native vigour brings
A hundred-fold to mock their daily toil
And work of wilful self-destruction foil.
Hence 'tis my faith that at no distant date
True manhood's mark will Nature reinstate,
And guard it from an ignominous fate.

Some space, I crave, for these my mournful lays,
Wrung from the heart by man's most wicked ways,
For thus thou canst my pain somewhat assuage
And help to cure the evil of this age.

Corona.

Othello & Co.

I pity my poor friend B. D., the doctor. He gets much ill usage from his wife. It was only this morning that she and her cousin, the lawyer's clerk—you know the scapegrace—poked fun at him without end. Whenever he attempted resentment or even defence, he says, they merely laughed him out of it. He is afraid of the cousin and detests his wife's alliance with him. He has even suspicions, I am afraid, of a serious kind. The poor fellow, this doctor, is not strong enough—or rather Dr. Strong enough— to stand this Jack Maldon.

When I went out holiday-making this afternoon, my mind was full of poor B. D. I unconsciously strayed into Theatre Street. I had not walked far when my attention was drawn by a hanging board announcing "Othello and Co." I had heard tell of a jealous fellow of that name. My interest in B. D. made me curious to know what the firm dealt in. I entered.

A middle-aged man with a broad forehead and a red and black triangular beard welcomed me. I had seen him somewhere, though where exactly I could not remember. He smiled and wanted to know what I wanted.

"Who are your owners?" I asked.

"A miscellaneous lot, sir, quite a miscellany," answered the man with the triangular beard.

"But who are they?" I insisted.

"There are many, master; but three alone count," was the reply.

"Who *are* the three?" I insisted again.

"One is a Moor of fairly advanced age; a Moor by birth and a Venetian by adoption. He calls himself Othello

and has given his name to the firm. The next member of importance is a young Briton, a fellow of fashion and jolly good at soldiering, racing and betting. He perhaps looks like a coxcomb but is a more serious-minded fellow than you imagine."

I interrupted the man; I had no patience with his lengthy descriptions. I said: "Look here, old chap, if these are your owners, I know them. You need not trouble about introducing them to me. You spoke of a third that counted. Who is he, pray?"

"He is a young king, master, a Sicilian tyrant. They call him King Leontes—quite royal in his hospitalities, but quite self-willed too, like all hereditary crowned heads."

"Oh! That Leontes. I used to hear of him at college. Now tell me, what does this firm deal in?"

"Jealousy, master, various shapes and modes of Jealousy."

"Your meaning?" I inquired.

"The firm shows you, for a moderate price—say half a day's close study,—what Jealousy is, what marks the fellow bears and in what ways he shows himself."

As this was precisely what I wanted, I agreed to pay the price and asked to be shown to these people.

"Go in," said the man. "There are numerous pairs of spectacles in these shelves. Choose whichever you like and examine the three partners and their wares".

I went in.

There was an imposing velvet case in one of the shelves marked "Bradley and Brandes." I had heard of these eye-glass-makers. I took the eye-glasses, put them on and began my examination of the article produced by each of the partners.

The senior-most partner came in first for examination. There was presented to me a complete picture of Jealousy, a full length portrait. The monster was hideous, his eyes were quite green. Surely he could not have been begotten by anybody except himself. Who would or could be the father of such a monster? Oh! the thing was quite clear —beyond doubt. Othello did manufacture Jealousy of the first order, Jealousy in its very essence.

I then turned the spectacles on the handiwork of Posthumus, the second partner. Not much of it was visible through the pair of spectacles I held in my hand; nor did what *was* visible strike me as so hideous as the other picture. Still there Jealousy was, hideous enough in his green eyes and raging enough.

The Bradley-Brandes spectacles had not much of Leontes to show to me. I do not know what chromatic aberrations they contained, what defects they bore. Leontes' Jealousy was made to appear as but a streak. It was a thin figure, attenuated probably because of neglect. One would think that the Bradley-Brandes-lenses refused to be operative when held up against Leontes and his wares. I was tempted to think that only for this reason did Leontes himself come in for consideration as the last among the partners.

I must own myself very well pleased with my examination. I was pleased to be told that Othello who actually killed a wife must have been the most expert Jealousy-maker under the sun. The "clodpate" oriental! It also pleased me to see that Posthumus who went very near killing his spouse but did not succeed was a good hand at creating Jealousy. Perhaps not quite so good as his senior, but still good enough. Then the dismissal of Leontes after slight attentions also pleased me. What kind of Jealousy did *he* create? Only such as made a poor woman swoon for a few minutes.

Now another pair of spectacles drew my attention. They were made by an old firm known to almost every one, Messrs. Mynde and Aart. But I was not minded to use them. I was satisfied with equating my friend B. D. in terms of Othello. I now made ready to go home.

At the door the salesman with the triangular beard asked me what examination I had made. I was irritated at what struck me as cheek on his part. But I was so pleased at my own perception being confirmed by the Bradley-Brandes spectacles that even to him I thought I should speak of my happiness. I told him what I had found. The man smiled. It irritated me again. As if that were not enough, he drew a pair of spectacles from his own pocket and offering them to me, impertinently recommended an examination of the wares through them. Angry as I grew at this, I took his spectacles, went inside and started a second examination, just to put the fellow to shame.

But what did I see? You would be amazed—*amazed* is the word for it—to hear. Othello's Jealousy was nowhere at all. There was indeed a figure distantly resembling him. But, by God, it was not Jealousy though got up like him. As I stood gazing at his figure, I began to know his frame and texture. He got it all from a certain Iago who stood almost always at the manufacturer's elbow. The manufacturer himself seemed to loath the work and frequently resented, sometimes threateningly, his assistants' (lieutenant's?") efforts to back him up in his work.

The figure continually fed on something tied up in a handkerchief casually dropped by an innocent young lady. It appeared that but for this nourishment which Iago frequently lifted up to his mouth Othello's Jealousy could not live for a minute. As for his green eyes, they were simply not there, I promise you. What of green the eyes had, they seemed to derive by reflection from a tree-bark, while in

close proximity to it during a conversation between one Iago and one Cassio about a courtesan they called Bianca.

This was amazing. It upset all my opinions. My anger towards the man at the door grew greater. But it was nothing compared to my curiosity to know all about Posthumus and Leontes. On Posthumus I now turned the new pair of spectacles. Lo! What a revelation! Here again there was no monstrosity about the figure of Jealousy. The eyes showed no green. The figure itself would not have been there, it was clear, if a certain well-dressed young fellow called Iachimo had not continuously blown through his mouth with all his might. This process he frequently backed up with holding up a bracelet and the figure of a young lady with a mole on the thigh.

"What then about Leontes?" I asked myself astonished but somehow enlightened. The moment I turned the new lenses on Leontes, I felt like dashing them to the ground and breaking them into a thousand pieces. For, what they showed me was enough to upset all my previous ideas. It was this: a man and a woman in courteous talk and another man, at a distance, looking on the pair, and slowly converting himself into a tall gaunt green-eyed monster. Leontes—for he was the man standing at a distance—did not create Jealousy. He *became* Jealousy. The monster turned continually on himself and grew both in size and in ugliness. He so grew in both and his eyes were so horribly green that a delicate child beholding him was struck dead on the spot. But the child's death seemed to work a miracle. The monster vanished and in his place, and with a suddenness that Ovid, not I, could describe, stood again Leontes, sorrow-stricken, lean and emaciated.

The truth now dawned on me. Othello and Posthumus were not manufacturers of real Jealousy. They were persuaded by interested fellows that they were expert workmen. They foolishly allowed themselves, against their better

judgment, to believe what they were told. Leontes on the contrary knew his job and went about it: "as to the manner born." If it was question of Jealousy, he knew "his cue without a prompter". And there *was* no prompter.

I became enlightened enough to draw this conclusion. The conclusion enlightened me, in its turn. But I must confess to some regret in giving up my old conclusions, in ceasing to think of B. D. as the well-known Othello and beginning to think of him as the rather obscure Leontes.

But now it was already time I had returned home. I made to the door and handed the man there his pair of spectacles. But just when his fingers touched them, I drew them back, in order to ascertain the makers. On the gold frame I saw, in bold block capitals, the name, William Shakespeare. I involuntarily looked up at the tall man's face, spectacles in hand. I then remembered where exactly I had seen him before. It was on the frontispiece to Messrs. Harrap and Co.'s new and handsome volume of Kingsway Shakespeare.

Anon.

One lawyer sought to put out another by saying "Your father blacked my father's boots."

"But he did it well," retorted the other.

Three Men on a Holiday

"HURRY up, man! We have just half an hour to catch the Eleven-thirty," shouted out R. as he burst unceremoniously into my room without waiting for a response to his lusty knock at the door.

It was a warm Saturday morning. I had finished my meal—it was rather heavy—and had just adjusted myself cosily in my easy chair for a delicious snooze. Lunch was at two. It was a long way off, and an hour's nap would help considerably to bridge the gulf. But here was an unexpected interruption.

"We are going to P. for a holiday. Just a day's stay. G is busy packing. Shove in a change of clothes, your tooth-brush and soap-box into a small suit case, and meet us at the gate. It is late already."

It was no use remonstrating with R. He usually made up his mind for all three of us, and his decisions were always final and unalterable. My notions of spending a holiday were different from his. I choose to lie abed late into the day, dallying with and digesting my dreams of the night, 'Chewing the cud of a by-gone Vision'. An oil-bath helps me to the breakfast hour. And then escape from the scorching heat in the oblivion of sleep. Lunch is followed by a few hours of light reading, very light. And then to Tennis, and crown the evening with a rubber or two, before dinner and sleep. But R's methods were Hitlerian and G and I had to submit.

The train was at the station while we were yet a hundred yards away. One mad dash, and we had the narrowest of escapes. We threw our suit cases inside and jumped into the running train despite the screaming shouts of the Guard not to risk our lives.

And so we were really on our way to P. The crowded compartment was a veritable hot-house. For my part, I would have preferred the coolness of my room to this stinking cauldron of a third-class carriage. But, then, a holiday is not to be wasted at home, and here we were on a real picnic.

After two hours of literal roasting in this furnace we were at the C. junction. A quarter of an hour's 'pleasant walk, (the phrase is R's) along the burning and dusty roads took us to the 'bus-stand. The obliging conductor invited us to an empty bus. One bus had just left for P. and the next one would leave exactly two hours later. We could leave our things and go for a stroll or our tiffin and return in time. So there we were! Two hours in the midday to enjoy ourselves in the streets of this horrid town! That was a shock even for our hero. But he would not show it. I moved that we adjourn immediately to the nearest coffee-hotel. The proposition was carried nem con. The 'Bhima Vilas' attracted us with its imposing outside. But what a disappointment when we were in! The untidiness of a second rate hotel in a second rate town can better be imagined than described. But we never complained. In a picnic everything is part of the game. Surprises are the staple of a holiday tour. Some may be pleasant, others otherwise. The holidayer enjoys both.

Even the longest trial comes to an end. We were, at last, crammed into the back-most seat of an over-crowded bus which, after repeated coaxing and cajoling, followed by threats and menaces was finally provoked into motion. But scarcely had we moved half the distance towards our destination when lo! a deafening explosion—and we found ourselves stranded in the mid-road. Half-an-hour's labour was necessary to rouse the tardy giant once again to activity and by four o'clock we found ourselves in P.

We took a couple of rooms in the Imperial Hotel which was recommended to us as the best in the place. After a

hurried tea we went out for a stroll. Now P. is typical of an insanitary little village-town, a village and a town rolled in one with the inconveniences of both and the advantages of neither. We spent over an hour wandering along the unattractive streets and before dusk repaired to the beach, the only relieving feature of the place. But here again a disappointment was in store for us, and it grieved our hearts to think what man has made of nature.

We had an ill-cooked and ill-served dinner at our hotel. I was faint with exhaustion after the tiring adventures of the day, and was for immediately going to sleep. But R. would not have it so. We need not have come all the way to P. to sleep away the night. Early to bed may be a sound maxim, generally; but the essence of a holiday consists in its escape from the dull routine of everyday-life, from the stale monotony of ordinariness. And so going to bed before midnight was a sacrilege, an outrage on the uniqueness of a holiday. A visit to the Talkie House was R's suggestion, and we trudged along to the only miserable Picture Hall in the place. A second rate Puranic story was then on, and we were among the score or two of idlers who constituted the whole audience. There was no question of my enjoying the crude film, and so, when the lights were out, I settled myself down in my chair to doze off. But the screeching and the screaming which to my friend was 'lovely music' kept me awake for long and my head was "reeling in the mazes of heat and sound". In course of time, however, my ears got accustomed to the din, and the peace of a dreamless sleep lapped me round. But I could not have enjoyed for long this "honey-heavy dew of slumber", before I was rudely awakened. I found the whole audience on their feet rushing out to seek shelter from the heavy shower against which the roof offered no protection. We dashed out and reached our hotel completely drenched.

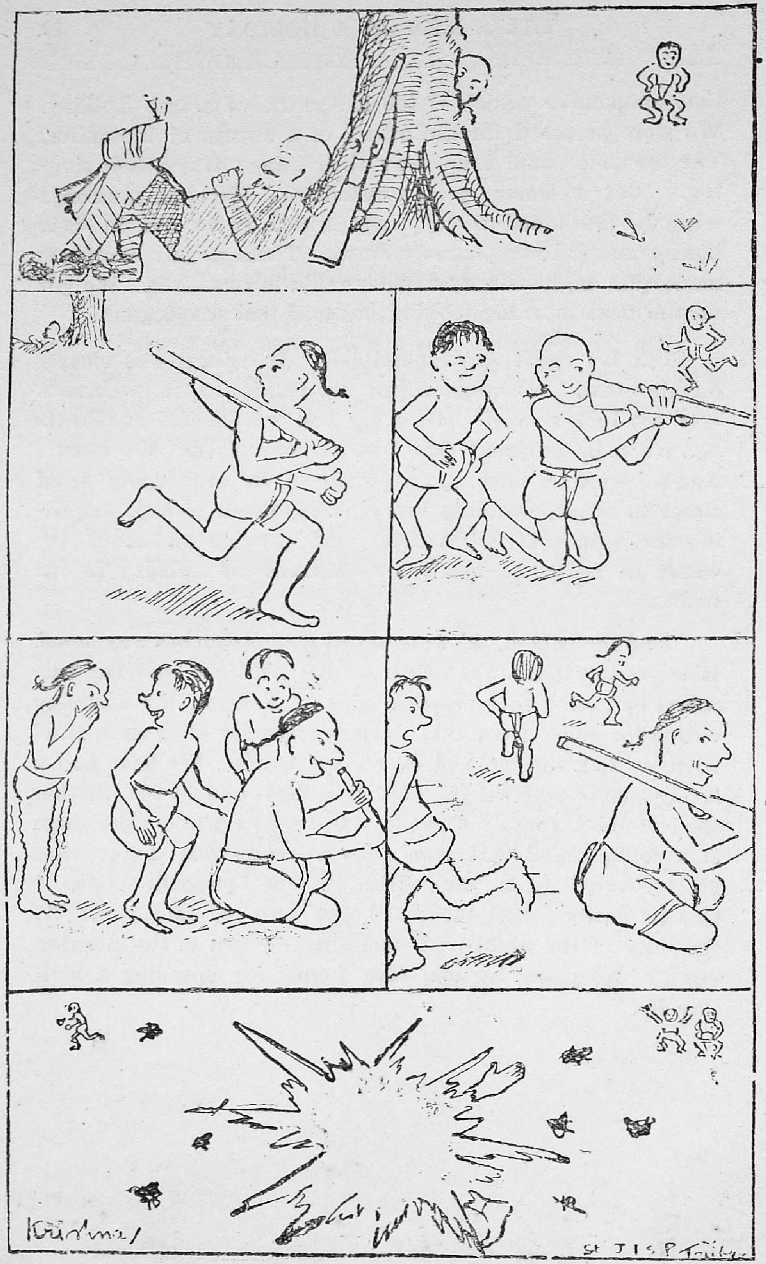
And so, at last, we were in our beds to give our limbs their much-needed rest. But here, again, we were having

that uniqueness which is the hall-mark of a true holiday. We were prepared for the attack of a swarm of mosquitos. The blankets could keep away their stings, if not their singing. But a worse pest awaited us. We had reckoned without the blood-thirsty bugs which came out in their hordes and fed sumptuously on us. These greedy cannibals made that night the most memorable in our lives. We got up the next morning looking haggard and woe-begone.

But R's spirit was indomitable. Weariness was clearly on his brow, 'but languor was not in his heart, weakness was not in his word'. Scarcely had we finished our breakfast when he proposed that "we go out and 'do' the town." And so, we were once again on the move, wandering from street to street, invading every decent-looking shop, enquiring the prices of all articles and purchasing none, till weary in body and spirit we returned by midday to our hotel.

And thank God, we were at last actually on our way home. R. began to expatiate at length on the need for enjoying ourselves by taking such pleasure trips. "Nothing like a holiday outing for relief from this 'strange disease of modern life' with its sick fatigue and over-taxed heads. We have had a lovely picnic and we go back refreshed and fit for another spell of hard work". Does R. know that I was on the verge of a collapse and that even after a week's rest I have not yet recovered from the effects of his 'pleasant picinc'? Can he easily forget the two hours' halt at midday at C., the orgy of the night at P and the boredom of the morning stroll? No place, for me, like home for spending a holiday in!

M.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A Poem—(*illustrated*)

(By an unknown poet, who, from internal evidence, might have flourished just at the time when the first '*Telegraph English*" was influencing even poetic minds.)

"Boy gun
Great fun
Gun burst
Boy dust."

JL
T4:4, M2114,
N34·6·1

"VENGAT"
V Hons.

A Sauntering Skit

HULLO! friends—quite O. K.? Coming events cast their shadows before, you know; and now it so happens that I sit at my table puffing away clouds of smoke, scribbling about the Dipavali that'll soon be among us. It's damn easy. But why the devil should—that's the fashion in the delicate drawl of polished circles: yes, I love to reek in the latest slang which consists in the indiscriminate addition of a *devil* or *deuce* or *dickens* or......I have determined on the use of these words to secure additional emphasis, as a high compliment to my tête-á-tête talents and (secretly to myself) as a stop-gap more serviceable to me than 'your honour' to a lawyer. But the Dipavali! Why not I weave a short-story round it, for the Miscellany? O! that short-story stuff with its pseudo-Wodehousian vein—I simply can't stand it.

The deuced Dipavali—yes, I say, deuced. The summit of earthly felicity to the newly-yoked son-in-law with jubilant expectations, it breathes misery to those many who stay behind at the hostel. The epidemic is abroad and every blighter brings a subscription list; within a week you are bled white to the last pie. You literally go off the gold standard and sometimes even the copper; why even the length ultimately of repudiating the Dipavali liabilities. A fortnight prior to the Dipavali day (this year they seem to have commenced the campaign particularly early—goodness gracious! how to escape them!) the cooks and peons suddenly, as by some Ovidian metamorphosis, turn very polite and greet you on every side with an accursed list. They may not know you at all but, all the same, they have the saving virtue of a capital stock of gumption to fall back upon. There's the preface of a sickening grin and a scratching of the head before they catch your eye. If you pretend not to have noticed them, they can rise to

the occasion. Sometimes you may elude them for a day or throw them on the false scent, secretly congratulating yourself on your successful manoeuvre; but the next day they are at your door with an oily, stupid smile which pleads both excuse for interruption and payment of the legitimate toll. The science student has the worst of it! The Lab. attendant waylays you on your way to the messing room. Caught in that way you resign yourself resistlessly. For threat lurks in his looks; and grumbling impotently that you are 'more sinned against than sinning' you behave like a good boy.

I was in crane-like contemplation for original ideas when to it was given a rude shock by a brain-wave which whispered "All this original stuff has to be accepted by the Editorial Board. Your nonsense has to suit their nonsense. You catch my difficulty eh?" But why not I try to cultivate one or two of the Board to get over it! It's deuced difficult, even more than the art of selling University "drama tickets" which demands the most suave of tempers, to keep a persuasive smile playing on your lips and to put up with rebuffs and refusals.

My gentle friend, don't be tickled into risibility when I say that lately we discussed in our priggish parliament a theme of eternal moment to every student of Man that 'Baldness is the surest sign of senility and stupidity.' Beating in its heated enthusiasm even cock-fighting, the house witnessed the leader of the opposition dash to the platform with a consequential air to begin his solemn dissertation. We were suffered to hear his tongue spring into non-stop activity. With the proper nose for scientific researches, he said, he was able to emerge in resplendent muddle—headedness with a thrilling theory viz. the Neo-classical* theory

* Neo-classical theory, so called because it starts on the hypothesis of classical baldness—*classical* means the class of the very best, and classical baldness is that physical phenomenon by which a person is absolutely innoc ent of hair.

of baldness and wisdom which proves beyond doubt that the two are inseparable bed fellows. The last debate centred on the subject 'Darwin is at once the glory and shame of mankind'. But all that I know about Evolution and the ape is that the Shavian version of the Darwinian doctrine is indisputably correct: 'Darwin says not that all men were monkeys once but that some monkeys have no tails now'. Yes that's what we are.

By the bye, am I original? I fear, I am. For, they say, three kinds of people alone are original, the poet, the fool and the liar. I, in vain, attempted to be the first; for aught I know I am cent per cent the second, in spite of myself; and having waded thro' all that I have said till now, you are sure, I belong to the third category.

Bon Dipavali! Cheerio!

By Wearekay

Too Stout to be Good

GARBO'S voice, Crawford's coquetry and Narma's charms—those were according to Sethu, the essentials of the perfect woman. The thing dropped on Sethu like a bomb shell, therefore, when his father told him to make up his mind about the D. S. P.'s girl. Not that he had any objection either to girls, or to marriage. He was no misogynist, but was rather favourably inclined towards the fair sex. Girls must have souls, little dreamy things, reminding you of moon-lit orchards and quiet seashores. But No fellow can expect these niceties from the daughter of a police official. These girls invariably reminded you of Alcapones and fearful gangsters. They made you feel such an awful chump and the moment you saw them, you felt an Inferiority Complex. He, therefore, protested.

'Father, there is no hurry. I am only a boy, and therefore, you need not fear any ridicule from society. If, however, you are very particular, we can think about it next year after my honours course'.

The father lost his temper. 'I cannot understand you modern boys; you are certainly not too young for marriage. Your mother gave birth to your sister while I was just about your age. There is again your cousin Gopu, reading in the Intermediate class. He is certainly younger than you and yet married...........

But...........

Sh......sh......sh......s......Sethu's father waived aside the objection.

*　　　*　　　*　　　*

Later in the afternoon, Sethu resumed the attack, now on his mother. Beginning with the usual preliminaries he

ended by saying that it would be much better if his marriage were postponed to the coming year. The mother was equally adamant and expressed a desire to see her grand-children on her knees, before she died. There was again Gopu, so young and yet married...........

'Blast Gopu', Sethu muttered to himself.

Finding his arguments of no avail, Sethu delivered a more direct attack. 'But Mother, you forget I know next to nothing about this D. S. P.'s girl. She may be quite unpoetical and soulless. Perhaps not fair—possibly, positively ugly. Is it not absolutely unreasonable that I should bind myself to a girl I know so little about?'

The mother looked at her offspring with surprise and said with some asperity, 'That is strange, my boy. I and your father never saw each other before our marriage. Yet none can say, we are unhappy. Moreover, we have seen the girl. She is quite handsome, only she is a bit plump about the waist; that is mere health. As to her being poetical, soulful and all that sort of rot, I know nothing. I only wish my son to be more practical and less dreamy.'

Sethu looked aghast; 'Mother, you don't mean to say, that she is a Joe of the female species'? he blurted out.

The remark irritated the *mater*. She had had enough of this opposition and wanted to have her final say on it. She remarked: 'I don't know, boy, exactly what you mean. If you object to her flabbiness, I would advise you to go and have a look at the mirror. You can't miss that extra matter underneath your skin. After all we want a family girl, and not a film star.'

Sethu reeled before the unexpected innuendo, more so, because he knew that Gopu was a silent spectator of the scene.

* * * *

A look at the girl confirmed Sethu's worst fears. He had expected to see an unpoetical thing, too stout to make a good wife. Mr. Akram's daughter Santa far exceeded his expectations! She was not only unpoetical and unsoulful, but was intolerably buxom. 'More easy for her to become a Sub-Inspector than a bride' thought Sethu with intense bitterness. Not that he objected to girls growing stout. By all means, let them grow stout, stouter and stoutest. But personally he would prefer the slim waist and the blue dreaming pair of eyes. A girl must be a girl and not like a competitor for the Heavy Weight Championship. He wanted a wife and not a wrestling instructress. These were some of the bitter thoughts that passed through Sethu's mind. His father and mother not only seemed to *miss* the extra weight but were positively happy about it. 'Quite a healthy girl', 'Bright future for the boy with such a rich father-in-law' were the remarks Sethu overheard from their conversation, not infrequently. The father was daily expecting a letter from Mr. Akram, the girl's father, confirming the proposed alliance. Days passed by, but no letter came.

Meanwhile, Sethu quite lost his colour and a peculiar restlessness marked his movements. He was detected, now and then, reading books on the advantages of being a bachelor and books containing information on the various types and modes of committing suicide. The parents in their enthusiasm failed to notice this change. Gopu, an occasional visitor, one day asked Sethu about the impending marriage.

The question nettled Sethu; 'Do you call that marriage? Rather, I am waiting for my funeral. Gopu was deeply affected. "Buck up, old bean. The girl is not so bad as all that. Also, with such an influential father-in-law, you have got a bright future.........

The familiar words of consolation stung Sethu to the quick. He lost control over himself.

"You drivelling idiot! you talk of a future for me with that awful human octopus moving about the house. You can't invite friends to your house. You can't take your wife to the theatre, simply because of the fear that your friends may laugh at your choice behind your back. Quite a happy future with that infernal girl—!" Sethu stormed.

Gopu was not beaten. 'Be reasonable, old top', he continued; 'the girl is certainly not half so bad as all that. You can't also quite ignore the fact that you yourself are not what they call thin. It will be, therefore, an immortal combination. Gopu had to retreat in time to escape a flying ink pot.'

* * * *

The much-expected letter came. Eagerly snatching the letter from the postman, Sethu went through it with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. It read as follows:

T. R. Akram Esq., NAINITAL.
District Superintendent of Police. 20-12-34

Dear Sir,

We are sorry both for the delay and for this letter of negation. My daughter is quite adamant and is not well pleased with your son. She finds him too stout to make a good husband. She wants someone slim, poetical and soulful. Quite unwilling to cross the wishes of our only daughter, we are compelled to inform you that the understanding is off.

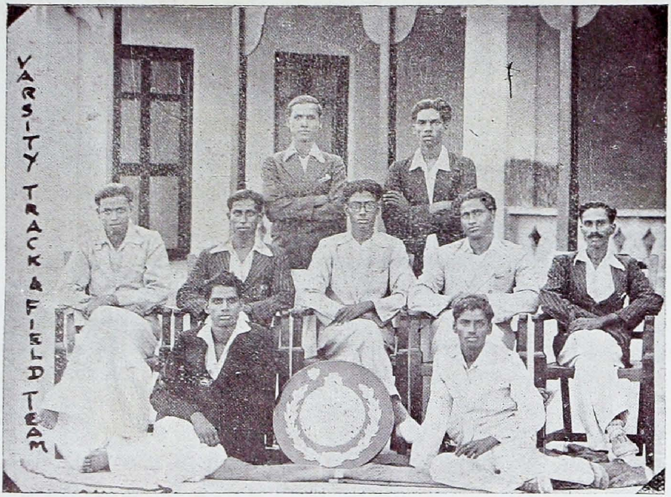
Faithfully Yours,
Akram.

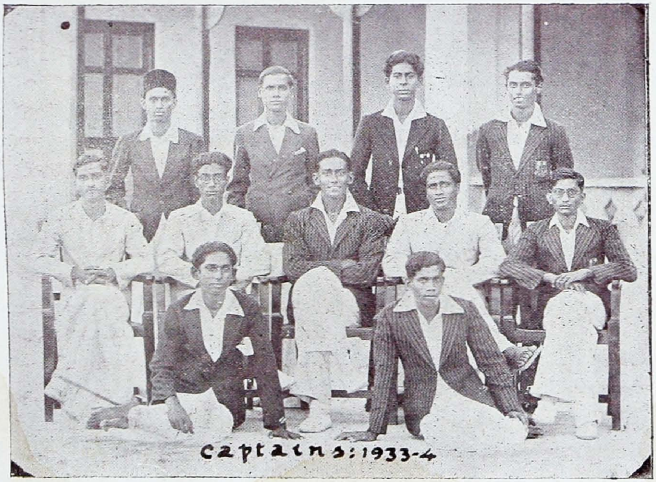
P. S.

My daughter compels me to add........bless her candour—that your son can easier get a Sub-Inspector's post, than a bride.

Sethu went and smashed the nearest mirror.

T. N. Visvanathan.


VARSITY TRACK & FIELD TEAM


Captains: 1933-4

University Games and Athletic News

The following are the Captains for the year :—

1.	L. Lakshmipathy Sastry, II Cl.	Badminton Club.
2.	R. Subramanyan, V Hons.	Basketball ,,
3.	P. Damodaran, IV Hons.	Boxing ,,
4.	Mark Runganadhan, IV Cl.	Cricket ,,
5.	V. Kuppuswamy, IV B.Sc.	Football ,,
6.	Ganapathy, IV Hons.	Hockey ,,
7.	T. A. Gopalakrishnan, IV Cl.	Playgroundball,,
8.	K. Alagappan, II Cl.	Indoor Games ,,
9.	I. P. Muralidhara Menon, V Hons.	Tennis ,,
10.	B. Dharmarajan, II Cl.	Tenikoit ,,
11.	S. Thiravyam, II Cl.	Volleyball ,,
12.	A. Bhaskaran, IV B.Sc.	T & F ,,

Mark Runganadhan has been elected General Captain for this year also.

Among the many games played in the University, Cricket continues to be the most popular; next in the order of importance are Tennis, Volleyball, Badminton and Playground ball. There are a good many Football enthusiasts in the University, but the opportunity for intensive play is unfortunately limited owing to an unavoidable delay in improving the grounds. There is a regrettable lack of enthusiasm for Hockey and it seems doubtful if sufficient keenness will be shown this year even in Track and Field Athletics. A good many, however, are interested in indoor exercises. Generally, a greater number of students are found to play games more regularly this year than in the past.

Among the new-comers to the University the following give promise of distinction :—G. R. Ramanujam, in Cricket; Rajendran, in Volleyball; and M. S. Panikkar in High Jump.

Abstract of News of Athletic Events: *July to October '34*:

Badminton:—The club played 3 practice matches and 2 challenge matches, one against the Minerva Cricket Club, Madras, and the other against the Local R. C. T. High School in both of which the 'Varsity won. The Team also entered for the Loyola College Badminton Tournament for the Kumara Rajah of Chettinad Cup, but was outclassed.

Cricket:—In all, 12 practice matches have been played. Apart from these, the 'Varsity Team had 2 fixtures with the Minerva Cricket Club, Madras, on the 4th and 5th Sept., '34, at Annamalainagar and gave a plucky fight to the visitors among whom were Messrs. A. G. Ram Singh, the Madras All-Rounder and C. D. Parthasarathy. The 'Varsity visited Kumbakonam and played a match against a combined team of the College and the Town and won easily, the score being (Kumbakonam 49 all out and Annamalai 59 for 3). The 'Varsity Team toured Bangalore and Mysore during the Michaelmas Holidays and played four matches; the results are as follows:—

1. Annamalai *vs.* Bangalore Central College was a game of low scores and sensational collapses: (Annamalai 44 all out and Central College 63 all out), the Central College winning by 19 Runs.

2. Annamalai *vs.* Bangalore City Gymkhana (Annamalai 209 all out and Gymkhana 132 for 4, the result being a draw).

3. Annamalai *vs.* Bangalore Engineering College (Result—Draw) (Annamalai 109 for 3 Wkts. and the Engineering College 147 all out).

4. Annamalai *vs.* The Mysore Maharajah's College (Annamalai lost by 100 Runs—scoring only 56 as against 156 put up by the Mysore Team).

The 'Varsity Team played another Inter-Club match at Pudukkottai on the 16th Oct. '34, and won by a very large margin, the score being

Annamalai 195 for 5.

Pudukkottai 32 all out

Annamalai thus won by 5 Wkts. and 163 Runs.

The remarkable feature of the matches is the brilliant performance of the Captain, Mark Runganadhan, whom we can now congratulate on the more than provincial distinction he has attained in the game. He put up a splendid century (104) against the Bangalore Gymkhana and might have scored another the day after but for the very bad luck he met with in being run out for no fault of his own. Mark Runganadhan's Batting average in the Inter-Club matches is 55·3 and his Bowling average is 23 for 212 or 9·2 runs only per wicket.

We also congratulate in this connection S. Srinivasan, the Vice-Captain of the Club, on his uniformly effective bowling during the current season, his average in the Inter-Club matches being 22 for 282 or 12·8 runs per wicket.

G. R. Ramanujam one of the new-comers in the team has also done very well, his batting proving quite useful. His average in Inter-Club Events is 30·6. K. Subramanian, the left hand bowler, has also done well; but his progress has not been steady.

Tennis:—The Inter-Collegiate Tennis Singles Tournament for the Rajah of Chettinad Cup and the Inter-Districts Tennis Doubles Tournament for the Jatavallabhar Cup were conducted in September last, the University

winning the Runner-up prizes in both. Mark Runganadhan distinguished himself for the University, and put up a plucky fight in singles against Mr. Rama Rao of the Guindy Engineering College. The Engineering College won both the events.

Volleyball:—There were 2 practice and 2 Inter-Club matches played, the 'Varsity club winning in the two Inter-Club matches. The 'Varsity entered for the Vallipalayam Volleyball (Nines) Tournament but did not fare well. It has entered for the Mayavaram Tournament and is expected to do splendidly.

Football:—2 Practice matches and one Inter-Club match were played. The Inter-Club match against the Local R. C. T. H. School ended in the 'Varsity winning the match by 3 goals to 1.

Hockey:—Played 2 practice matches and one Inter-Club match against the Minerva Cricket Club, Madras and lost.

The Staff Club:—The members of the Teaching Staff are showing a very keen interest in games as in the past and are playing Cricket and Volleyball. The Staff played a Cricket match with the students "B" team, but lost. They also played a Volleyball match with students "B" team and lost this match also. Both the matches attracted large crowds of spectators.

SOCIETY REPORTS

The Annamalai University Union

I TERM 1934–35.

President:—M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Chairman:—Mr. C. Narayanamurthy, V Hons. I Term.

Secretary:—Mr. J. Narayanaswamy, V Hons.

Members of the Managing Committee

Nominated	*Elected*
1. Prof. C. S. Srinivasachariar, M.A.	1. Mr. T. A. Gopalakrishnan, IV Class.
2. Prof. S. Somasundara Bharatiyar, M.A., B.L.	2. Mr. P. Damodaram, IV Hons.
3. Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu, M.A., Ph.D., B. Com., Bar-at-Law.	3. Mr. P. H. Raman, IV Hons.
4. Dr. S. N. Chakravarty, M.Sc. D. Phil. (Oxon).	4. Mr. K. C. Govindarajan, V Hons.
5. Prof. A. Narasinga Rao, M.A.	5. Mr. R. Tiruvikraman, II Class.
6. Mr. T. Balakrishnan Nair, M.A. (Mad.), M.A. (Lond).	6. Mr. V. K. Raghava Menon, II-yr. Music.

We are glad to be able to say that the Union began to function early in the year and has been very active during the period under report. We have had, during this period, six ordinary meetings and one special meeting. The inaugural address was delivered by M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur C. S. Subramania Pantulu Garu, B.A., B.L., Ex-M.L.A.

on Wednesday, the 5th September. The address was on "College Students and their Outlook".

The Union passed condolence resolutions on the deaths of the following :—

1. Sir C. Sankaran Nair.
2. Dr. S. Rangachariar.
3. Von Hindenburg, president of the Reich Republic.

The Union offered its congratulations to :—

1. Sir K. V. Reddi Naidu Kt. on his appointment as the Law member to the government of Madras.

2. Mahatma Gandhi on the successful termination of his fast.

3. Mr. S. Sivasankaranarayana Pillai, B.A., M.Sc. on being awarded the degree of Doctor of Science of the Madras University.

4. Mr. Henry Runganadhan on his success at the passing out examination of the R. A. F. College, Cranwell.

The subjects discussed were of varied interest. Some of the subjects discussed were 'The abolition of capital punishment' 'Religion is a stumbling-block to human progress'; 'Indian national congress is harmful to Indian national interests' and 'Baldness is a sign of wisdom and intelligence'.

The keen interest evinced by the members is very encouraging. We hope to see more of the new members on the platform in the next term.

English Language and Literature Society

President :—M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Secretary :—Mr. R. Kannuswamy, IV Class.

Chairman :—Mr. K. Senthiappan, V Hons. (I Term)

Though the society began its activities somewhat late this term, a good number of meetings have been held. We are glad to note that members are evincing more interest in the society than in previous years. The subjects which came up for lively discussion during this term are:

1. Pastoral elegy.
2. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's Poetry.
3. Keats and Coleridge as artists.
4. Journalism and Literature.

The inaugural address of the society was delivered by Mr. N. R. Kedari Rao, Lecturer, Government College, Kumbakonam, with M.R.Ry. P. A. Subramaniya Iyer Avl. in the chair. The subject of the address was "Bird Life in Poetry."

The society tenders its heartfelt thanks to Mr. S. P. Ragland for the encouragement he has given it by taking an active part in its discussions.

Economics Society

FIRST TERM 1934-35

President :—Dr. B. V. Narayanasamy Naidu, M.A., Ph.D., B.Com. Bar.-at-law, F. R. E. S., Professor of Economics.

Secretary :—R. Subramanyam, IV Hons.

Chairman :—Mr. N. Ganapathy, V Hons. I term.
Mr. Kopparti Venkata Rao, V Hons. II term.

The society began its activities early in July. Several papers on subjects of economic interest, such as "Diminishing Returns in Economics", "Aims of Economic Studies", "The future of Joint Stock Banks", "Inequalities of Income" were read and discussed during the term.

There were also three extraordinary meetings during the term. The first was addressed by Mr. V. K. R. V. Rao M.A. (Bomb.), B.A. Hons (Cantab.) on "The Economist in the new India", and the second, by Mr. S. S. Rajagopalan, M.A., B.L., on "Unemployment"; the third was a magic lantern lecture by Mr. V. Venkata Subbiya of the Servants of India Society on "Rural reconstruction in Alameru".

A new feature of the society this year is the discussion that follows the reading of the papers.

The president has announced two prizes of rupees ten and five for the two best papers read before the society during this year. We are extremely thankful to him for this encouragement.

Sir T. Vijaya Ragavacharyar, Vice-President of the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research, has kindly consented to deliver the inaugural address of the society early in October.

History and Politics Society

President :—Prof. C. S. Srinivasachariar, M.A.

Secretary :—Mr. S. Veda Ratnam, IV Hons., 1934-35.

Chairman :—Mr. V. Swaminathan, IV Class, I term.

The society began to function early in July with great enthusiasm. On the evening of 4th September, we listened to an interesting lecture by Prof. S. Somasundara Bharathiar,

M.A., B.L., on "Some Indications about the Pandyas in Tamil Classics."

"The Corporative State in Theory and Practice" was the subject of the inaugural address delivered on 9-9-34 by the Rev. Father J. Steenkiste, S.J., of St. Joseph's College, Trichy.

Philosophy Society

President :—M.R.Ry. R. Ramanujachariar Avl., M.A.

Chairman :—G. Pattabiraman, V Hons. (I term.)

Secretary :—R. Mahadevan, IV Hons.

Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, M.A., Ph.D. (Lond.), Professor of Physics, delivered the inaugural address of the society on the 16th August, '34, when Mr. C. D. Tulasiram Mudaliar Avl., B.A., B.L., Dt. Munsiff, Chidambaram, presided. The subject of the address was, 'Philosophy and Modern Science.' On the 30th August, Mr. K. Nagaraja Rao Avl., M.A., B.L., University librarian, gave a lecture on 'Berkeley and his Philosophy'. Two ordinary meetings were also held.

Sanskrit Society

REPORT—I TERM (1934-35)

Chairman :—V. S. Mahadevan, IV Vyakarana.

Secretary :—C. S. Venkateswaran, IV Sahitya.

The work of the society for the year was inaugurated by Mahamahopadhyaya, Abhinava Bhattu Bāna Pandita R. V. Krishnamachariar, who delivered a brilliant lecture

on "Sakuntalam." In the ordinary meetings held under its auspices, many topics of interest, such as Kalidasa and his poetry; The Poetry of the Rig Veda; The Mudrā Rāksasa, Sri Harsa and his works were discussed. The following subjects were taken up for debate: Sanskrit is fit to be the Lingua-Franca of our country; Modern civilisation is detrimental to social progress; Is Rāma justified in killing Vāli? We mention with pleasure that this year, the Arts College students also have begun to speak in Sanskrit!

Attendance at the meetings has been satisfactory. It is earnestly hoped that all Sanskrit-knowing students will do their best to help the society by taking a lively part in its meetings in the future.

Mathematics Association (1933-34)

The association had the honour of having in its midst Prof. V. Ramaswami Ayar, M.A., the founder of the All-India Mathematics Society, to deliver the valedictory address on the 8th March, 1934, with M.R.Ry. A. Narasinga Rao Avl., M.A., the president, in the chair. Prof. Ramaswami Ayar spoke on "Self Reversible Functions."

The association offers its congratulations to Messrs. P. Jeganadhan and V. T. Srinivasan of the V Honours class on their winning the prizes offered by the president and the members of the Mathematics Staff, for the two best papers read before the association. The prize-winning papers are: "Warring's Problem" by Mr. P. Jeganadhan and "Transfinite Numbers", by Mr. V. T. Srinivasan.

I TERM (1934-35.)

President:—M.R.Ry. A. Narasinga Rao Avl., M.A.

Secretary:—V. Sitaraman, V Hons.

Addl. Secretary:—S. Ramakrishnan, IV Hons.

The association began its function this year with a lecture by M.R.Ry. S. Sankaranarayana Sastrigal, of Thirupunithurai on "Bhaskara's Siddhanta Siromani". The inaugural address was delivered on August 31, 1934, by M.R.Ry. G. A. Srinivasan Avl., M.A., Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Presidency College, Madras, on "Branches of an Algebraic Curve". M.R.Ry. A. Narasinga Rao Avl., M.A., presided.

Till now two ordinary meetings have been held in which the following papers were read.

i. Mr. V. Sitaraman, V Hons.
"The approach to the Fourth dimension."

ii. Mr. G. Sankara Iyer, V Hons.
"Integration of functions of a single variable."

Social Reform Club (1933-34)

President :—M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Vice-President :—Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu, M.A., Ph.D., B.Com., Bar.-at-law.

Secretary :—Mr. N. Ganapathy, IV Hons.

Chairman :—Mr. C. R. Myleru, B.A. Hons. I term.
Prof. S. S. Bharathiar, M.A., B.L. II term.
Mr. A. Chidambaranatha Chettiar, B.A. III term.

Treasurer :—Mr. B. Raghunath Hegde, IV Hons.

The aggregate number of meetings held this year is 13 of which 9 were ordinary meetings, and 4 extraordinary. The inaugural address was delivered by Prof. S. S. Barathiar under the presidency of M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S. We offer our thanks to

the following persons who were gracious enough to deliver special addresses to the club:—

(1) Sir Profulla Chandra Ray;

(2) Mahatma Gandhi.

(3) Srimathi Alamelu Mangaithayarammal.

(4) Vidwan T. P. Meenakshi Sundaram Pillai Avl., M.A., B.L.

The Rural Propaganda Committee paid 5 visits to neighbouring villages during the year. The night school met thrice a week; it had a strength of 25 pupils. Members of the club rendered great help in teaching the poor. An unique incident in the annals of the club was the extraordinary meeting of the club, held in the open air before the pavilion at 6-30 P.M. on 16th February 1934, when Mahatma Gandhi addressed the gathering. The club arranged for the meeting, collected a purse of Rs. 240, and presented it with an address to Mahatmaji. The club thanks the volunteers and other students who helped us in connection with Mahatmaji's visit.

The valedictory address was delivered by Captain Sundaresan, B.A., L.M.S. We are glad that the enthusiasm of the members is in no way drying up. The silent and determined help that the president has been giving it throughout cannot be adequately acknowledged. The success of the club during the year is largely due to him, and the Vice-President.

(1934-35)

President:—M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Vice-President:—Prof. S. Somasundara Barathi, M.A., B.L.

Chairman:—I Term—Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu, M.A., Ph.D., B.Com., Bar.-at-law.

Secretary:—Mr. K. Peer Mahamad, IV Hons.

Treasurer:—Mr. S. Veda Ratnam, IV Hons.

The inaugural address of the club was delivered by Mrs. Shakuntala Devi Gurjale, and three ordinary meetings have been held this term.

The night school is being run with much success, and there are more than forty pupils attending regularly. A new feature of this year is that a paid teacher has been appointed to conduct the night school.

The Rural Propaganda Committee is doing its best to improve the sanitary conditions of Usupur, a neighbouring village, and it has also arranged to run a day school there. With the magic lantern lent by the Harijan Seva Sangam the Committee expects to do good work next term.

Other Office-Bearers for the year.

Executive Committee :—

Mr. T. A. Gopalakrishnan, IV Class.
" S. Nageswaran, V Hons.
" C. R. Myleru, B.A. Hons.
" N. Ganapathy, V Hons.

Rural Propaganda Committee :—

Mr. C. R. Myleru, B.A. Hons.
Vidwan S. Arumugam, B.A., L.T., V Hons.
Mr. C. R. Sankaran, IV Hons.
Vidwan N. Sivasubramanyan, M.A.
Mr. Arumuga Perumal, III Yr. Vidwan.

Night School Committee :—

Mr. N. Ganapathy, V Hons.
" I. Narayanaswamy, V Hons.
" U. V. Sethu Mathava Rao, V Hons.
" S. Pr. Ramaswamy, III Hons.
" V. N. Ramaswamy, IV Hons.

First Annamalainagar Rover Crew.

Annual Report for 1933-34.

The following were the office-bearers during the year under review:—

Mr. T. P. Navanitakrishna	Rover Leader
,, A. Natasan	Senior Rover Mate
,, C. Narayanamurthi	Scribe
,, J. Padmanabhan	In charge of Club Room
,, Nilakantan Nair	,, ,, Camps

The present strength of the Crew is 20. Of these, 8 have been invested as Rovers, 10 are Tenderfoot Scouts undergoing their probation as Rover Squires and 2 are still recruits. 12 members left the Crew in July 1933, 9 because they left the University and 3 as they found it difficult to take an active part in the life of the Crew. 17 recruits joined at the beginning of the year 5 of whom dropped off.

The Crew met 24 times in the course of the year for practice on Scoutcraft and instruction in the Rover tests. The Health Officer of Chidambaram Municipality, Mr. I. V. Gopal Rao, gave instruction and tested for the Public Health Man's badge, while instruction in other tests was given by the Rover Leader and Rover Mates. The average attendance at these meetings was 9.

The Crew went on a visit to the historic fortress of Gingee in October 1933, and while returning, halted at Cuddalore and had the opportunity of meeting the members of the Government Training School Rover Crew there. They were on a camp to and camped on the top of the quarry hill 3 miles from Cuddalore in February 1934.

The Crew helped at all the important University functions like the Convocation, the dramatic performances given by the University Dramatic Club, and Mahatma Gandhi's visit to the University, by serving along with the volunteers in maintaining order. Some of them served as volunteers during the Economics Conference, and at the feeding of the homeless after the cyclone in Dec. 1933.

The expenses of the Crew have been met from the University grant of Rs. 100/-. Some camp equipment was added to the stock during the year.

The Fourth Annual Rover Day was celebrated on 22nd Feb. 1933 with Swami Vipulananda in the chair. Mr. P. S. Naidu delivered the address on the occasion.

The Crew tenders its heartfelt thanks to the Vice-Chancellor for his kind and continued interest in all its activities. We thank the Director of Physical Education, the Hostel Warden and other members of the Staff who have been responsible for the pleasant camps and activities of the Crew.

A. NATESAN,
Senior Rover Mate.

Report for the I Term of 1934-35

The fifth Annual Rover Day was celebrated on the 22nd Feb. 1934 with Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., Vice-Chancellor, in the chair. Mr. S. S. Bharathi delivered the address.

The following are the office-bearers for the year '34-35.

Mr. T. P. Navanitakrishna, M.A. Rover Leader

Mr. Kopparti Venkata Rao, V H.	Senior Rover Mate and Scribe.
Mr. L. Lakshmipathi Sastri	In charge of Library.
Mr. J. N. Venkata Raman	In charge of Club Room.
Mr. N. G. Vaidyanathan	Camp Secretary.

The year began well with a strength of twenty-seven members. Of these, three are Rovers, ten are Tenderfoot Scouts and the rest are recruits. The crew had six general body meetings and three patrol meetings. Mr. P. S. Narayanaswami, the Provincial Deputy Camp Chief, paid us a visit in August. Mr. L. K. Govindarajulu, B.A., B.L., taught us fire brigade drill. So far, we have had one camp at Vaitheeswaran Koil, and two hikes, one to Coleroon and the other to a village near Vallampadugai. On 6-9-34, we had a camp fire when seven scouts were invested as Tenderfoots.

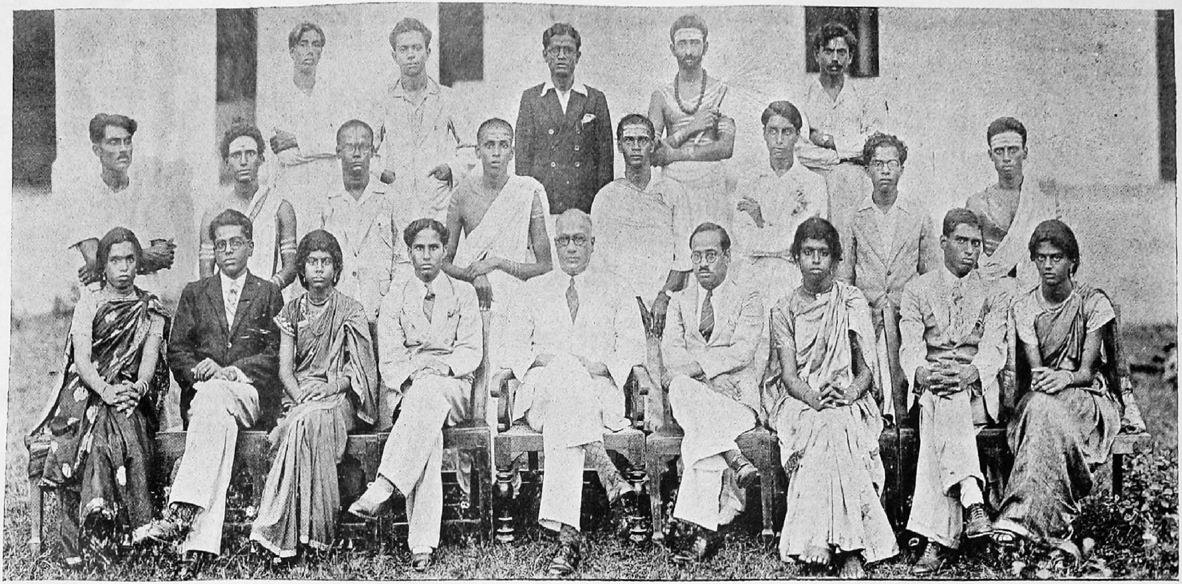
KOPPARTI VENKATA RAO,
Senior Rover Mate.

Annamalai University Dramatic Club 1934-35.

President :—M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S., *Vice-Chancellor.*

Vice-Presidents :—Mr. C. R. Myleru.
,, R. Bhaskaran.

Secretaries :— Mr. G. Pattabiraman.
,, I. V. Narayanamurti.



VISĀLĀKSHI

The Dramatic Club has been very active and has maintained its high traditions. It staged 'Subadra Arjuna' on 1st September in aid of the 'Poor Boys Fund'.

It put on the boards 'Visalakshi', a social play, on the occasion of the celebration of the Founder's Day, on the 12th October. The acting was of a very high order, and prizes were announced to the following actors :—

P. K. Ganapathi	(Parvati Ammal)
S. Ramanathan	(Visalakshi)
A. R. Venkataraman }	(Mahadeva Iyer)
V. Ramamurti }	(Srinivasa Iyer)

We hope the Dramatic Club will enact more plays like this, and give a lead to the South Indian Tamil Stage.

கலித்தொகையில் ஒரு நாடகம்

முதல் அங்கம்

இடம் : பூஞ்சோலை

பாத்திரங்கள் : கண்ணகியும் தோழிமாரும்

கண்ணகி : எத்துணை அழகாயுள அம்மலர்கள்? என்ன மணம்? என்ன நிறம்?

தோழிமார் சிலர் : நாங்கள் மேதக்க போதுகள் கொய்து வருகின்றோம். (போகிறார்கள்.)

தோழிமார் வேறு சிலர் : எல்லா! யாங்கள் நீ விழையும் தழைகள் கொணர்கின்றோம். (செல்கிறார்கள்.)

வேறு சிலர் : வையை யாடி வருதும் யாம்.

(செல்கிறார்கள்.)

கண்ணகி : பொன்னெனத் திகழ்கின்ற இது புதுமையல்ல ஆயினும் புதிதாயுளது. (மென்மெலச் சென்று வேங்கைப் பூப் பறிக்கிறாள்)—ஆ! ஈதென்ன காட்சி! ஆண்டு இளவெயில் போன்ற அவ் இளமயிலது ஆட்டம்!

(பேகன் வருகிறான்)

பேகன் : என்னொடு வந்த வேலினர் யாவரையும் காணோம்—இம்மான் எங்கு ஓடிற்று என்பதையும் அறியேன்—இக்கணையை எய்து அம் மானைக் கண்டு கொல்லேனாயின்——— ஆ, ஆ, ஈதென்ன! (அவளைக் கண்டு தன்னுணர்வு அற்று விடுகிறான்.)

கண்ணகி : ஆ, ஆ, ஈதென்ன! (தன்னுணர்வு அற்று விடுகிறாள்.)

இரண்டாம் அங்கம்

இடம் : ஆவிநன்குடிக் கோயில்

பாத்திரங்கள் : பேகனும் கபிலனும்

கபிலன் : இங்ஙனம் நைவாருமுண்டோ? ஒரு பெண்ணைப் பார்த்துத் தன்னை யிழத்தல் தலைவராய தங்கட்குத் தகுமா?

பேகன் : பாங்க! உணராது கூறுகின்றாய். நீ சென்று காணின் அறிவை என்னிலையை.

கபிலன் : தாங்கள் கண்ட அப்பொருள் எவ்விடத்துள்ளது? எத்தன்மைத்து? கூறுங்கள், பார்ப்போம்.

பேகன் : முகம் மதி, நுதல் பிறை, வாய் கனி, தோள் வேய், நடை மயில், சொல் கிளி.—இம்மேதகு சாயலாளைக் கொடைக்கானற்சாரற் பூஞ்சோலையிற் கண்டேன்.

கபிலன் : இனி வருந்தாதீர்கள். இன்னே சென்று, என்னால் ஆவதுண்டேற் செய்வேன். (போகிறான்.)

பேகன் : என்னைக் காணும்பொருட்டு அக்கிளியும் ஆண்டு வந்திருப்பள்கொல்? இவனுஞ் சென்று காணுங்கொல்? கண்டு மீளுங்கொல்? என்கொல்? என்கொல்? என்கொல்?

மூன்றும் அங்கம்

இடம் : வையை மருங்குள்ள சோலை

பாத்திரங்கள் : பேகனும் கண்ணகியது தோழியும்

பேகன் : (கும்பிட்டவனாய்) அன்னாய்! வாழி.

தோழி : யார் அங்கே?

பேகன் : (பணிவுடன்) நான்தான் அம்மே! அன்று சொன்னீர்களே என் குறையை முடிப்பதாக.

தோழி : யார் மாட்டு அக்குறை?

பேகன் : என்ன? நினைவில்லையா? "தலைப்புணைக் கொளினே தலைப்புணைக் கொள்ளும்" என்றெல்லாம் அன்றுரைத்த மொழிகள்?

தோழி : அவையா? ஆனால்—

பேகன் : யான் தந்த தழையுடையை அன்று நீங்கள் எடுத்துப்போய்க் கொடுத்தீர்களன்றோ? அதனைத் தங்கள் தோழி தலைமிசை வைத்துக் கொண்டதாகவும் வந்து கூறினீர்களே. சற்று மனம் வையுங்கள், பணிகின்றேன்.

(கும்பிடுகிறான்.)

தோழி : ஐயன்மீர்! எம் மாறனது அருள்போற் குளிர்ந்த நீரையுடைய எமது ஆடிடம் யான் செல்லவேண்டும். வழிவிடுங்கள். (போகிறாள்.)

பேகன் : ஓ! அவ் ஆடிடம் யானும் சென்றால் என் கண்மணியைக் காண்பேன். காண்பேன் ஒருதலையாக.

(போகிறான்.)

நான்காம் அங்கம்

இடம் : மாறன் கோயிலின் எயிற் புறம்

பாத்திரங்கள் : கண்ணகியும் தோழியும்

தோழி : திருந்திழாய், கேளாய்!

கண்ணகி : கூறுக, என்ன?

தோழி : அந்த முடப் பார்ப்பானைப் பேணுதி பேணுதி என்று கூறுகின்றாய் நீ. காலும் கையும் குறைந்து தொழு நோயுள்ள அவனை ஓம்புதி ஓம்புதி என்கின்றாய் நீ. அறியாய் போலும் நேற்று நடந்ததை!

கண்ணகி : என்ன, என்ன? கூறு, கூறு.

தோழி : நமது வள்ளல் வருவதாகக் குறிப்பிட்டிருந்த இடமுண்டல்லவா? ஆண்டுப் போய் வந்திருக்கிறாரா எனப் பார்த்துவரச் சென்றேன் அல்லவா நேற்றிரவு?

கண்ணகி : அவர்தாம் வரவில்லை என வந்து கூற்றென்று தந்தனையே.

தோழி : அவர் வரவில்லை. ஆனாலுங் கேள். அப்பொழுது அங்கு நான் சென்றகாலை இப் பார்ப்பான் வந்து குனிந்துபார்த் தான் என் முகத்தை. பார்த்து, "அகாலத்துள் ஈண்டுவந்து நின்றது யார்" எனக் கேட்டான். நான் வாளா நின்றேன். அவனோ சென்றான் இல்லை. வைக்கோலைக் கண்ட கிழட்டு எருதுபோல என் பக்கத்தைவிட்டுப் போகாமல், 'தம்பலம் தின்னுதி தையால்' என்று கூறி அவனது பாக்குப் பையை அவிழ்த்து "எடுத்துக்கொள்" என்று நீட்டினான். நான் பின்னும் ஒன்றும் கூறாமல் நின்றேன். அவனோ ஓடினான். ஆனால் மீண்டும் வந்தான்.

கண்ணகி : வந்து ?

தோழி : வந்து, "ஏ சிறுமி ! அகப்பட்டுக் கொண்டாய் நீ. இனித் தப்பமுடியாது தெரியுமா ? நான் ஆண் பிசாசு; நீயோ பெண்பிசாசு. அருள் புரிக. அல்லாவிடின், இவ்வூரில் உனக்குப் பலி கிடைக்காமல் அடித்துப் போடுவேன். எல் லாம் எனதாகும்; உன் வாயில் மண், பார்த்துக்கொள்" என்று கூறினான்.

கண்ணகி : அப்பால் ?

தோழி : நான் பார்த்தேன். இவன் என்னைப் பிசாசு என எண்ணியுள்ளான் என்பதைக் கண்டேன். இனி இவனை மருட்டலாம் என நினைத்து ஒன்று செய்தேன், அன்னே !

கண்ணகி : அஃதென்னையோ ?

தோழி : ஒரு கையால் மண்ணை வாரித் தூவித் தூவித் தள்ளினேன். அவனோ அலறு அலறு என்று அலறிவிட்டான். அந்த அரற்றோ நம் ஊர்க்கெல்லாம் எட்டிவிட்டது.

கண்ணகி : ஐயகோ ! உலைவாயை மூடினாலும் ஊர் வாயை மூடமுடியாதே. நேற்றிரவு நீ அங்கு நின்றாய் என ஊரெல்

லாம் ஏசுவார்களே! என் பொருட்டுச் சென்றனை எனப் பேசுவார்களே!! எம்மிடை ஏதோ நிகழ்ந்தது என அலரெழுமே!!! என் செய்வாமினி?

தோழி : என் செய்வது? நாணிலி யல்லர் நம் தலைவர். பெரும்பாலும் இன்று வாராதிரார். வரின், குறியிடம் சேர்தலில் உள்ள இடர்களை அறியாதுபோவர்கொல்? பெரும்புலியைக் கொள்ளும் பொருட்டு வைத்த வலையில் குறுநரி வந்து வீழ்ந்ததுபோல் ஆயிற்றே நேற்றைய கதை! இனி, இரவில் நாம் போதல் ஏது?

கண்ணகி : என் செயலாம்?

தோழி : நமது வள்ளல் என் செய்கிறார், பார்ப்போம்.

(பேகன் கேட்டிருந்து ஓடிவருகிறான்)

பேகன் : இன்ப அன்பே! மிகவும் வருந்துகிறேன். மிகவும் வருந்துகிறேன். குறியிடம் தவறியது என்பிழை அன்று. ஆயினும் இதனுள் உள்ள ஏதங் கண்டேன். இனி அறிந்தேன் செய்வதனை.

ஐந்தாம் அங்கம்

இடம் : **மாறன் திருவோலக்கம்**

பாத்திரங்கள் : **திருமாவளவனும் அமைச்சரும்**

வாயிலோன் : வாழ்க எங்கோ!

வளவன் : என்னை?

வாயிலோன் : ஆவிநன்குடியிலிருந்து சில அந்தணர் வந்துள்ளனர்.

வளவன் : வருக!

வாயிலோன் : எங்கோ வாழி! (போகிறான்.)

அந்தணருளொருவர் : அரசே! மங்களம்! யாங்கள் நாக மன்னனால் ஈண்டு அனுப்பப்பட்டுளோம். எங்களது இளங்கோ

பேகர் தங்களது இளங்கொடி கண்ணகியை இல்லக்கிழத்தியாகக் கொள்ள நினைக்கிருர் என்பதைத் தெரிவித்துத் தாங்கள் இசைவதை அறிந்து வருமாறு விடுத்தனர் எம்மரசர். திருவுளச் சம்மதமோ? அருள்க!

வளவன் : இஃதிவ்வாறு இருந்ததுகொல்! ஐயன்மீர்! நம் செல்வ மகளும் ஆண்டே உளம் வைத்தாள்போற் ருேன்றுகிருள். அங்ஙனமே யாகுக. இறைவன் செயல் இது!!

அமைச்சர் : மன்ன! அதனையே முடித்திடுவோம் நாமும்.

அந்தணர் : வாழ்க இளங்கொடி! வாழ்க இளங்கோ!!

வளவன் : இனித் திருமணம் புரிந்திட வேண்டுவ செய்வோம். (பொன் அளிக்கின்ருன்.)

அந்தணர் : மங்களம், அரசே, சென்றுவருகிருேம்.

அ. சிதம்பரநாதஞ் செட்டியார்,
V Hons.

கவிதையும் உண்மையும்

(ராமுடு)

உண்மையில்லாது கவிதை சிறக்குமா என்னும் இவ்வினுவைச் சற்று ஆராய்வோம். உண்மை வேறு; கவிதை வேறு. இவ்விரண்டும் கலந்தால் கவிநயம் என்னும் அழகு பிறக்கும். உண்மையைப் பற்றுக்கோடாகக் கொண்டே கவிதை தனது அற்புதத்திறனை வெளியிட்டு மக்களை வயப்படுத்தமுடியும்; அவர்களது உள்ளத்தைக் கொள்ளையிடமுடியும். உண்மையில்லாத வழி கவிதை வெறும் புனைந்துரையாகவே முடியும். ஆதலின் கவிதைக்கு உண்மை இன்றியமையாதது. இவை எல்லோருக்கும் ஒப்பமுடிந்த உண்மைகள்.

ஆனுல் கவிதையென்பது யாது? உண்மையென்பது யாது? உண்மையின் இன்றியமையாமை கவிதைக்கு எந்த அளவு உண்டு? கவிதை உண்மையை மீறிச்செல்லுதல் எவ்வளவில் தகும்? இவ் வினுக்களை எழுப்பினுல் இவற்றிற்குப் பலர் பல வாருக விடையிறுப்பார்கள். ஆகவே மேற்கூறிய வினுக்களுக்கு நடுவுநிலைமை பிறழாது எல்லோருக்கும் ஒப்பமுடிந்த வகையில் சிறிது விடையிறுக்க முயலுவாம்.

முதலில் கவிதையாவது யாது? இவ்வினுவிற்கு வரும் விடைகள் பலவாம். அவற்றில் ஒரு விநோதம் யாதெனில் அவ்விடைகளில் ஒன்றையொன்று எவ்வகையிலும் ஒத்திருப்பதில்லை. உரைநடையாக இல்லாது ஏதாவது ஒரு பா அல்லது பாவினத்தின் வடிவில் உள்ளனவாகிய பாட்டுக்களின் தொகையே கவிதையென்பார் சிலர். கூலவாணிகம் என்பது தானிய மூட்டைகளின் குவியலாகும் என்று கூறுவது எவ்வளவு பொருத்தமோ அவ்வளவினதேயாகும் இவ்விடையும். ஒரு பொருளை எதுகை மோனை முதலிய சொல் நயங்களும், உவமை முதலிய பொருள் நயங்களும் பட விளக்குவதே கவிதையாகும்

என்பார் சிலர். இவ்விடை முன்னையதைவிடச் சிறந்ததாயினும், கவிதையின் முழுப்பொருளை உள்ளவாறு எடுத்து விளக்குவ தாகாது. ஒரு சாரார் கவிஞன் இயற்றிய ஓவியம் கவிதையென் பார். இவ்விடையிலேயே கவிதை தோன்றினாலும், இது கவி ஞன் யாரென்ற வினாவை எழுப்புதலானும், அதற்கு யாதொரு விடையும் தரமாட்டாமையானும், இதுவும் பயனிலதென்க. இது உழவு யாதெனின், உழவன் செய்யும் வேலையென்றது போன்ற ஓர் சொற்பொருளேயன்றி வினாவியதற்கு உரிய விடை யாகாது.

பின்னர் எவ்விடைதான் பொருத்தமுடையதோ எனில், மேலைநாட்டு ஆசிரியர் ஒருவர் கூறுவார்; "உலகமக்கள் பலகா லும் கண்டும் தெளியப்படாது கரந்துநின்ற ஓர் அழகைக் கவிஞன் கண்டு நயத்துடன் வெளியிடும் திறமையே கவிதை." இவ்விடையே மேற்கூறியவற்றுள் சிறந்தது என்றும் கவிதை யின் தன்மையை உள்ளபடி விளக்குவது என்றும் கூறவேண் டியதில்லை.

கவிதை இஃதாக, உண்மையின் தன்மை யாது? நமது ஐம்புலன்களில் ஒன்றையொன்று மாறுபடாது உணரும் பொருளே உண்மையென்று பலர் கூறுவர். கற்றார் சிலர் தருக்க நியாயங்களுக்கும் பகுத்தறிவுக்கும் நமது முன்னைய அனுபவங்களுக்கும் மாறுபடாத எப்பொருளும் உண்மையென் பார். இதுபொழுது வெகு தொலை முன்னேறிநிற்கும் விஞ்ஞா னத்தில் துறைபோகிய பண்டிதர்களில் தலைசிறந்த ஒருவர் 'எல்லாக் காட்சியாளருக்கும் ஒரேவகையாய்ப் புலப்படுவதே உண்மை' என்றார். காலமும் இடமும் எல்லாக் காட்சியாள ருக்கும் ஒன்றுபடத் தோன்றாமையின் அவை உண்மையல்ல எனவும், காலம் இடம் ஆகிய இரண்டும் அல்லாது அவ் இரண் டும் கூடிய வழி பிறந்ததும், நமது ஐம்புலன்களாலும் பாமரமக்க ளின் அறிவினாலும் அறிதற்கரிதாகிய ஒரு கணக்கியல் கற்ப னையே உண்மையெனவும், தமது மட்டில்லா அறிவாற்றலால், நிறுவினார். விஞ்ஞானத்தின் மற்றொரு துறையில், அணுக்

களைப்பற்றி ஆராய்ந்தோர் இப்பிரபஞ்சமே மின்னுருக்களின் பிண்டமெனவும், அம்மின்னுருக்கள்தாமும் விசும்பில் ஏற்பட்ட சுழல்களின் இடைநின்ற சிறு கண்ணிகள் எனவும், ஆதலின் அவ்விசும்பும் அதை இயக்கும் ஆற்றலுமே பிரபஞ்சமாகப் பரிணமித்தன எனவும் கூறுவர். இன்னும் ஒரு அடி முன்னேறிச் சென்று, விசும்பின் உண்மைக்கு மனதே காரணமெனவும், ஆகவே இப்பிரபஞ்சமே மனத்தின் கற்பனையெனவும் கூறுவாரும் உளர். உண்மையைப்பற்றிய ஆராய்ச்சியானது நாம் எதிர்பாராதவகையில் மாயாவாதத்தில் இறக்கிவிட்டது. இது எவ்வாருயினும் உண்மையென்பது மனத்தின் தொழிற்படுமுறையைப் பொறுத்தே இருக்கிறது என்பது தேற்றம். பழுதையைக் கண்டு பாம்பென மருண்டவனுக்கு அது உண்மையாய்த் தோன்றுமன்றிப் பொய்யாகாது.

கவிஞன் உலகமக்கள் காணுத உண்மைகளைக் காண்கிருன். அதைக் கேட்போர் வியக்கும் முறையில் எடுத்து விளக்குகிருன். அவன் கூறும் மொழிகளே கவியாகும். உண்மைகளைக் கண்டு விளக்கும் ஆற்றலே கவிதையாகும். அவன் கூறும் ஒவ்வொரு சொல்லும் உண்மையேயாகும். அவன் தனது உள்ளத்தின் உணர்ச்சிகளை வெளியிடுகிருன். அவையெல்லாம் உண்மையே. ஓரழகிய மலரின் இதழ்களும், அதன் காம்பும், அழகும், நறிய மணமும் எப்படி உண்மைகளோ, அப்படியே அம்மலராற் கவிஞனது உள்ளத்தில் உண்டாகும் உணர்ச்சிகளும் உண்மைகளாம். இது சற்றே ஆராய்வோருக்கும் இனிது விளங்கும். கவிஞனைப் போன்று நாம் உணரவில்லையாயின் நம்மிடம் கவிதையாற்றல் இன்மையே காரணமாகும். ஏனையோர் காணுத உண்மையழகுகளைக் காண்பதாலேயே கவிஞன் மக்களுட் சிறந்தோனுகிருன். கவிதையே அவனைத் தெய்வத்தன்மை வாய்ந்தவனுக்குகிறது. அவன் விரும்பியபடி சொற்கள்மட்டுமேயன்றி மக்கள் உள்ளமும் ஆடுகின்றது. மக்கள் கவிஞனைப் போற்றுகின்றனர்.

கவிஞனது உலகம் வேறு; பாமர மக்களின் உலகம் வேறு. முன்னையது மட்டிலாது விரிந்த அகலிடம். பின்னையது

அறிவின்மையால் சூழப்பட்டு நெருங்கிய சிறு கூடு. கவிதையென்னும் அழகிய சிறு பறவை சற்றும் கட்டுப்பாடின்றி விடப்பட்டாலொழியத் தன் இன்னிசையால் மக்களை மகிழ்வூட்டுவதில்லை. பாமர மக்களின் உலகமாகிய சிறு கூட்டில் அடைபட்டால் அது பாடுவதை விட்டொழிப்பதேயன்றி இறந்து படுதலும் கூடும்.

கவிஞனது உண்மை விரிந்த பொருள்கொண்டது. ஏனையோரது உண்மை ஐம்பொறி நுகர்ச்சியென்னும் வரம்பினுக்குட்பட்ட குறுகிய பொருள்கொண்டது. எனவே கவிதைக்கு உண்மையின் இன்றியமையாமை உண்மையேயாயினும், உண்மைக்கு நாம் குறுகிய பொருளைக் கொள்ளாது விரிந்த பொருளைக் கொள்ளவேண்டும்.

ஆனல், உணர்ச்சியில்லாப் புனைந்துரையும், பொருளில்லாச் சொற் பந்தலும், கவிதைத் திறமையில்லாப் போலிப்படைப்பும், வேண்டப்படாத சொல்லணியும் கவியாகாது. உண்மைக் கவிதையால் தொழிற்பட்ட பாட்டு ஓர் அழகிய இளநங்கை போன்றது; போலிப்பாட்டுகள் அவளைப்போன்று கைவல்ல வினைஞரால் தீட்டப்பட்ட ஓவியங்கள் போன்றன. ஓவியமும் பெண்போன்று இருப்பினும் அதனிடம் பெண்மை இல்லையாதல்போல, இப்போலிப் படைப்புகளும் கவிகள் போன்று இருப்பினும் அவற்றினுள் கவிதை இல்லையாகும்.

உண்மைக் கவிதை உயிர்கொண்டது.

தமிழர் பள்ளியெழுச்சி

(க) அறிவெனுங் கதிரவன் அகக்கட லெழுந்தான்
அறியாமை எனுமிருள் அகன்றொழிந் ததுவே
சிறு இட ரெனுமீன்கள் காலவிண் ஒளித்த
செந்தமி ழெனும்பயிர் தலைநிமிர்ந் தெழுந்த
பொறுமை எனப்படும் மடையினைத் திறந்து
புகழெனும் பெரும்புனல் பாய்ச்சுதல் வேண்டும்
திறமழி சோம்பலாம் போர்வையை நீக்கிச்
செந்தமி ழீர்பள்ளி விட்டெழு வீரே.

(உ) பிறபிற நாட்டினர் உரிமைகைக் கொண்டார்
பேதைமை யால்நாமும் பார்த்திருக் கின்றோம்
திறமையால் அவர்தொழில் செய்துடன் வாழ்ந்தார்
தேம்பியே யழுதுநாம் சோம்பலிற் கிடந்தோம்
உறவினர் தம்மொடும் ஒத்துவாழ் கின்றார்
ஒற்றுமை யின்றிநாம் கெட்டலை கின்றோம்
திறமுடன் தாய்மொழிக் குழைத்திடல் வேண்டும்
செந்தமி ழீர்பள்ளி விட்டெழு வீரே.

(ங) நம்மொழி யுரிமையை நாட்டிடி னன்றி
நாட்டின துரிமைதான் நாட்டவும் படுமோ
எம்மொழி யாயினுந் தாய்மொழி யானல்
யாவரு மற்றதற் குழைத்திடல் வேண்டும்
தம்மொழி விட்டுவே றொருமொழிக் குழைப்பார்
தாய்க்குண மின்றியே பேய்க்குண வளிப்பார்
இம்மெனு முன்னரே தாய்மொழிக் குழைக்க
எம்தமி ழீர்பள்ளி விட்டெழு வீரே.

(ச) பிறமொழி யதனது பெரும்பொரு ளதனைப்
பெரிதுநந் தமிழினிற் பெயர்த்திடல் வேண்டும்
பிறமொழி யதனது சொற்களைப் பெய்தால்
பெரிதுநம் மொழிதனி மொழியெனப் படுமோ

உறவினர் போலுடன் வாழ்ந்திடலன்றி
ஒருமொழிச் சொற்களை ஒன்றனிற் கலத்தல்
திறமுடை யுரிமையா யெண்ணவும் படுமோ
செந்தமி ழீர்பள்ளி விட்டெழு வீரே.

(ரு) தென்மொழிக் குடும்பத்தைச் சேர்ந்தவ ராய
தெலுங்கரும் சோம்பலற் றெழுந்துட னடந்தார்
நன்மலை நாட்டவர் நந்தமை நோக்கி
நகைத்து நிற்கின்றதை விழித்துடன் பாரீர்
நின்றொளிர் புகழினை நிறுத்திடல் வேண்டின்
நீர்வடக் கொடுகுட திசையவர்ப் பார்த்து
இன்றமிழ்த் தாயினுக் குழைத்திடல் வேண்டும்
எந்தமி ழீர்பள்ளி விட்டெழு வீரே.

க. வெள்ளைவாரணன்,
III வித்வான்.

வீரவைணவர்

தேனேய் பூம்பொழில்சூழ் திருவரங்கத்தில் தேரோடும் திருவீதியில் திருமாலைத் தினமும் தியானிக்கின்ற வைணவர் ஒருவரிருந்தார். அவர் பரந்த அறிவும், விரிந்த நோக்கமும் உடையவரல்லர். திருமால் அடியாரின் திவ்விய பாத தூளி களைத் தேவாமிர்தமாகப் பாவிக்கும் பண்புடையவர். திரு மகள் கேள்வனையன்றி, மற்றத் தெய்வங்களை மறந்தும் தியானிப் பவரல்லர். திருமாலின் அடியாரைக்கண்டால் திருமகள் கேள் வனைக் கண்டாற்போலும் களிக்கும் குணம் வாய்ந்தவர். திருமண்காப்பைத்தவிர, வேறெந்தக் காப்பையும் கனவிலும் கருதாதவர்.

ஒரு முறையாவது தில்லைத் திருச்சித்திரகூடத்திற்குச் சென்று அங்குள்ள கோவிந்தராஜனைச் சேவிக்கவேண்டுமென்ற விருப்பத்தை வெகுநாளாக வுடையவர். அவர் ஒரு நாட்காலை தமது இல்லாளை நோக்கி,

> "கதிரவன் குணதிசைச்சிகரம் வந்தணைந்தான்
> கனையிருளகன்றது காலையம் பொழுதாய்
> மதுவிரிந் தொழுகின மாமலரெல்லாம்
> ....மாதே! பள்ளியெழுந்தருளாயே"

என்று திருப்பள்ளியெழுச்சிப் பாடினார். அவரது திருமக ளன்னதேவியும் துயில் நீத்தாள். பிறகு வைணவர் அவளை நோக்கி, "குமுதவல்லி! நான் இன்றைக்குத் தில்லைக் கோவிந்த ராஜனைச் சேவிக்க எண்ணியிருக்கிறேன். ஆகையால் விரைவில் திருவமுதும், திருக்கண்ணவமுதும் தயார் செய். நான் காவி ரிக்குச்சென்று நீராடிவிட்டு வருகிறேன்" என்று சொல்லி விட்டு, காவிரிக்கு நீராடச்சென்றார். அதற்குள் குமுதவல்லி யும் எழுந்து, நீராடிவிட்டு, திருவமுது தயாரிக்கச் சென்றாள். வைணவரும் திரும்பிவந்து பஞ்சகச்சம் வைத்துத் தமது வேஷ் டியை உடுத்திக்கொண்டார். திருமண்காப்பைத் தமது

திவ்விய தேகத்தில் தரித்துக்கொண்டார். பிறகு தமது வீட்டிலிருந்த திருவரங்கத்தானுக்கு,

"காய்ச்சின நீரொடு நெல்லிகடாரத்தில் பூரித்துவைத்தேன்

வாய்த்த புகழ் மணிவண்ணா! மஞ்சனமாட நீ வாராய்"

என்று நீராட்டி,

"செண்பக மல்லிகையொடு செங்கழுநீர் இருவாட்சி

எண்பகர்பூவும் கொணர்ந்தேன் இன்றிவை சூடவா"

என்று பூச்சூட்டினர். அதற்குள் குமுதவல்லியும் "அப்பம் கலந்த சிற்றுண்டி அக்காரம் பாலில் கலந்து சொப்படசுட்டு" வைத்தாள். வீரவைணவர்,

"................. ....பாற்சோறு

மூடநெய்பெய்து முழங்கை வழிவாரக்

கூடியிருந்து குளிர்ந்தேலோ ரெம்பாவாய்"

என்ற பாசுரத்தைப் பாடித் திருவாராதனைச் செய்தார். பிறகு அவர் அப்பிரசாதங்களை விலாப்புடைக்க உண்டார். பின் தாம்பூலம் தரித்துக்கொண்டு தமது மனைவியை நோக்கி, "சித்திரகூடம் சென்றுவர உத்தரம் தருவாய், கண்ணே!" என்று விடை கேட்டார். அதற்கு அவ்வம்மணி, "நாதா, தாங்கள் தில்லைக்குச் சென்றால், நான் தனியளாய் எப்படி இவ்விடத்திலிருப்பேன்?" என்றாள். அதற்கு அவர், "பெண்ணே! அரங்கநாதன் துணையிருக்க உனக்கென்ன பயம்? இங்கேயே இரு. நான் சீக்கிரம் சென்று வருகிறேன்" என்று அவளிடத்தில் விடை பெற்றுக்கொண்டு திருவரங்கத்துப் புகைவண்டி நிலயத்தை (Railway Station) யடைந்தார்.

புகைவண்டி வருவதற்கு அரை மணி நேரத்திற்கு முன்பாகவே, பிரயாணச்சீட்டு (Ticket)க் கொடுக்கும் நிலயமும் (Booking office) திறக்கப்பட்டது. வைணவரும் சித்திர கூடத்திற்கு ஒரு பிரயாணச்சீட்டு வாங்கும்பொருட்டு

அந்நிலயத்தையடைந்து, "ஐயா, திருச் சித்திரகூடத்திற்கு ஒரு பிரயாணச்சீட்டுக் கொடுங்கள்" என்று கேட்டார். அங்கிருந்த உத்தியோகஸ்தரோ மகமதியர். "திருச்சித்திரகூடம்" என்ற வார்த்தையை அகராதியிலும் பார்த்தறியாதவர். ஆகவே அவர், "ஐயரே, எந்த வூருக்குப் பிரயாணச்சீட்டு கேட்டீர்? நீர் கூறும் ஊர் எங்கிருக்கிறது? அந்த ஊர் இவ்வுலகத்திலே இல்லை என்று நினைக்கிறேன்" என்றார். "சித்திரகூடத்தை அறியாத மடையனும் இம்மண்மீது இருக்கிறானே!" என்று நினைத்துக்கொண்டு, வைணவர் மறுபடியும் உத்தியோகஸ்தரை விளித்து, "ஐயா, புகைவண்டியும் வந்துவிட்டது. சித்திரகூடத்திற்குச் சீக்கிரமாகச் சீட்டுக்கொடுங்கள்" என்று கேட்டார். அதற்கு அந்த உத்தியோகஸ்தர், "எந்த எளவு ஊருக்குச் சீட்டு வேண்டுமென்று கேட்கிறீர்? நீர் எந்த ஊர் பட்டிக்காட்டானோ தெரியவில்லை. 'எங்கவூட்டுக்காரர் ஊருக்கு டிக்கட்டு கொடுங்கோள்' என்று யாரோ ஒருத்தி கேட்டாளாம், அப்படியல்லவா தாங்களும் கேட்கிறீர்" என்றார். சித்திரகூடத்தை அறியாதவனும் இருக்கிறானே என்று ஆச்சரியப்படுவார் வைணவர். சித்திரகூடத்தை "இழவு ஊர்" என்று சொன்னவனை நையப்புடைக்கவேண்டுமென்று நினைப்பார். புகைவண்டி போய்விட்டதா என்று பார்ப்பதற்காகப் புகைவண்டி நிற்குமிடத்திற்குப் போவார்; பிரயாணச்சீட்டு வாங்கும் பொருட்டுப் பிரயாணச்சீட்டுக்கொடுக்கும் நிலயத்திற்குத் திரும்பி வருவார். அவர் இங்கும் அங்கும் போவதைப் பார்த்த பலர் பரிகசித்தனர். புகைவண்டியோ புறப்படும்போல் தோன்றியது. வைணவர் என்ன செய்வார்! "கோவிந்தராஜா, உனது சேவையைக்காண எனக்குக் கொடுத்துவைக்கவில்லை போலிருக்கிறது" என்று வருத்தமடைந்தார். நல்ல வேளையாக அங்கொரு வாலிபன் வந்தான். தாயைக்கண்ட சேயைப்போல, வைணவர் வாலிபனை யண்மி, "அப்பா, திருச்சித்திரகூடத்திற்குப் பிரயாணச்சீட்டு கேட்டால், அந்த உத்தியோகஸ்தன் தரமாட்டேன் என்று சொல்லுகிறான். எப்படியாவது எனக்கொரு சீட்டு வாங்கிக்கொடு" என்று கேட்டார். அவ்வாலிபன்

வைணவரைப் பார்த்து, "வைணவரே, உமது வீர வைணவக் கொள்கையெல்லாம் உமது வீட்டோடே இருக்கட்டும். சிதம்பரத்திற்கு என்று கேட்டால் அல்லவா அவன் தருவான்!" என்று சொல்லிவிட்டுப் பிரயாணச்சீட்டு வாங்கி வந்து கொடுத்தான். சிதம்பரம் என்ற வார்த்தையைக் கேட்டதற்காகவே புண்ணியத்துறைகளாடவேண்டுமே என்று வைணவர் நினைத்தார்.

வீரவைணவரும் தட்டுத்தடுமாறிப் புகைவண்டியில் ஏறிக் கொண்டார். புகைவண்டியும் சிதம்பரத்தில் வந்து நின்றது. நமது வைணவரும் வண்டியை விட்டிறங்கினர். நந்தனர் தில்லையம்பதியைத் தரிசித்ததினுல் பெற்ற இன்பத்தைவிடப் பதின்மடங்கு இன்பத்தை நமது வைணவர் பெற்றார். நேராகச்சென்று தில்லை கோவிந்தராஜனைத் தரிசிக்கவேண்டி அவன் எழுந்தருளியிருக்கும் கோயிலுக்கு வழி தெரிந்துகொண்டு கீழ்க்கோபுரவாசலுக்கு வந்தார். அங்கு வந்த ஒருவரைப் பார்த்து, "ஐயா, இதுதானே தில்லைக்கோவிந்தராஜன் எழுந்தருளியிருக்கும் கோயில்?" என்று கேட்டார். அங்கு வந்தவர், "பெரியோரே, இது நடராஜமூர்த்தியின் கோயில். இக் கோபுரவாசல் ஊடே புகுந்து தெற்கே திரும்பினுல், அங்கொரு புதிய கோபுரவாசல் தோன்றும். அவ்வாசல் வழியாகச் சென்றால், கோவிந்தராஜனைச் சேவிக்கலாம்" என்றார். இவ்வார்த்தைகளைக் கேட்ட வைணவர், "ஐயா, இக்கோபுர வாயிலின் வழியாகத்தான் போகவேண்டுமோ?" என்றார். அங்கு வந்தவர், "ஐயா! நீர் முக்கரணம்போட்டாலும், நடராஜ மூர்த்தியின் கோபுரவழியாகத்தான் போகவேண்டும்" என்று சொல்லிவிட்டுச் சென்றார். வைணவர் என்ன செய்வார்? கோவிந்தராஜனைச் சேவிக்கவேண்டுமே என்றொரு புறம் எண்ணுவார்; சிவனுடைய கோபுரவாயிலின் ஊடே செல்லலாமா என்று சிந்திப்பார். கோவிந்தராஜனைச் சேவிக்காமலே சென்றுவிடலாமா என்றுஞ் சிந்திப்பார். இவ்வளவு தூரம் வந்தும் சேவிக்காமலா செல்வது?" என்று நினைத்து

இருதலைக்கொள்ளி எறும்புபோலத் தவித்தார். பிறகு "எம்பெருமானே அப்பிந்தனுடைய கோபுரவாசலின் வழியாக வரவேண்டியிருக்க, அடியேன் சென்றாலென்ன?". என்று மனத்தைத் திடப்படுத்திக்கொண்டு கோபுரவாயிலின் வழியாகச் சென்று தில்லைக்கோவிந்தராஜன் கோயில் கொண்டருளியிருக்கும் இடத்தையடைந்தார். அவர் வடக்கு முகமாக நின்று கைகூப்பி,

"கருமுகில் போல்வது ஒருமேனி கையன ஆழியும் சங்கும்
பெருவிறல் வானவர் சூழ ஏழுலகம் தொழுதேத்த
ஒருமகள் ஆயர்மடந்தை ஒருத்தி நிலமகள் மற்றைத்
திருமகளோடும் வருவான் சித்திர கூடத்துள்ளானே"

என்று பாசுரம் பாடித் துதித்துக்கொண்டிருந்தார். பிறகு கண்களைத் திறந்துபார்த்தார். அரியை வணங்குவதற்குப் பதிலாக அரனை வணங்குவதைக் கண்டார். ஒருகால் சிவபெருமானையே எம்பெருமானாக நினைத்துக்கொண்டு வணங்கினதாகுமோ என நினைத்தார். பிறகு தமது கண்களை மேற்றிசையில் செலுத்தினார். அப்பொழுதுதான் உண்மை அவருக்குப் புலப்பட்டது. தெற்கில் நின்று கைகூப்பி வணங்குகையில் திருமாலைத்தான் வணங்கினாரென்றும், அப்பக்கமாக இருந்து துதித்தால் சிவபெருமானையும் துதிப்பதாகப்படும் என்பதையும் அப்பொழுதுதான் கண்டுகொண்டார். சிவபெருமானைத் துதித்த கைகளை வெட்டிவிடலாமா என்று நினைத்தார். ஆயினும் தில்லைக்கோவிந்தராஜனைக் கண்குளிரக் கண்டு, நாக்குளிரப் பாடி, அவனது நாமங்களைப் பாடுவோரின் பாக்களைச் செவிகுளிரக் கேட்டு, கற்பூர சாம்பிராணி முதலிய வாசனைத் திரவியங்களின் மணங்களை மூக்குக் குளிர முகர்ந்து இன்புற்றார். பிறகு அவ்விடத்தை விட்டகன்று மேற்குக் கோபுரவாயிலை யடைந்தார்.

மதம்பிடித்த யானைமாடொன்று அப்பக்கம் வருவோரையும் போவோரையும் முட்டியும் துரத்தியும், சிலரைக் காயப்படுத்தியுங்கொண்டிருந்தது. நமது வைணவர் வெளிச்

செல்வான் வேண்டி விரைந்து சென்றுகொண்டிருந்தார். அவரைக் கண்ட காளையும் அவரை அண்டியது. அவர் என்ன செய்வார்! அண்மையிலிருந்த ஆனைமுகத்தான் ஆலயத்தை அடையலாமா என்று ஆலோசித்தார். பிறகு, "ஆனை துரத்தினும் ஆலயம் புகேன்" என்று கூறிய வைணவர் மரபில் உதித்த யானே ஆனை முகத்தினன் ஆலயம்புகுவேன்?" என்று கழறிக்கொண்டே கோபுரவாயிலைக் கடந்தார். காளையும் கோபமாக ஓடிவந்து கருடவாகனனின் பக்தனை முரட்டுத்தனமாக முட்டிவிட்டது. மாலின் பக்தரும் மூர்ச்சையடைந்து மண்ணின் மேல் விழுந்தார். பின் மயக்கம் நீங்கப்பெற்ற மாலின் பக்தர் தம்மை யொரு மழவிடையோன் பக்தன் மயக்கம் தெளிவித்தான் என்பதை யறிந்தார். உடனே சைவரைப் பார்த்து, "அடே, என்னையேன் தீண்டினுய்" என்று தனக்கு உபகாரம் செய்தவனை அடித்தும் உதைத்தும் அபகாரம் செய்தார்.

மாடு முட்டினதால் உண்டான உடல் நோயையும் மனைவியைப் பாராததினுலுண்டான மனநோயையும் தாங்கமுடியாமல், அவ்விரண்டு வலிகளையும் அதிவிரைவில் அகற்றிக்கொள்ளும் பொருட்டும், "கங்கையின் புனிதமாய காவிரி நடுவு பாட்டுப் பொங்குநீர் பரந்துபாயும் பூம்பொழில் அரங்கந்தன்னுள் எங்கள்மால் இறைவன் ஈசன் கிடந்த" கிடக்கையைக் காணவேண்டியும், அவர் புகைவண்டியில் ஏறித் 'தெளிவிலாக்கலங்கல் நீர்சூழ் திருவரங்கத்தை' யடைந்தார். அங்கு தமது தேவியைக் கண்டு, தாம் தில்லைத் திருச்சித்திரகூடத்தில் "பாம்பணைப் பள்ளிகொண்ட மாயனுர் திருநன்மார்பும், மரகதவுருவுந் தோளும், தூய தாமரைக் கண்களும், துவரிதழ்ப் பவளவாயும்" கண்டதையும் மற்றும் நடந்தவற்றையும் தமது நாயகிக்கு நவின்ருர்.

ப. அரங்கநாதன்

III Hons.

அன்னைதன் அன்பு

ஒரு தாய் தன் புதல்வனைக் கொன்ற பாதகனின்மேல் பழிதீர்த்துக்கொண்டமை

தேவனாம்பட்டினமென்பது கூடலூருக்கருகில் உள்ள தொரு செம்படவ கிராமம். அவ்வூரில் சற்றேறக்குறைய முந்நூறு ஆண்டுகளுக்குமுன்னர் **அம்மாக்கண்ணு** என்ற வயதுமுதிர்ந்த மாதொருத்தி, **கண்ணப்பன்** என்ற தன் ஒரே புதல்வனுடன் ஒரு சிறு குடிசையில் வாழ்ந்துவந்தாள். அவள் கணவன் இறந்தபொழுது அவளையும் ஒரு புதல்வனையும் தவிர்த்து ஒரு சல்லிகூட வைத்துப்போகவில்லை. எனினும் அவள் யாவரையுங் காக்கும்வள்ளல் சிவபெருமான் உதவியினாலும், தன் தேகப்பாட்டினாலும் மனந்தளராது பாடுபட்டுப் பொருளீட்டித் தன் புதல்வனுக்கு இட்டுத் தானுமுண்டு இனிது வாழ்ந்துவந்தாள்.

கண்ணப்பனும் நாளொருமேனியும் பொழுதொருவண்ணமுமாய் வளர்ந்து காளைப்பருவமடைந்து, தனது அன்னையினது வேலையைத் தன்றோள்மேற்றாங்கி, இதுகாறுமவளடைந்து வந்த அவளது சிரமத்தைப் போக்கி, **வீரன்** என்னும் சிறப்புப் பெயரைப் பெற்ற வேட்டைநாயுடன் தினந்தோறும் வெளிப் போந்து மீன்பிடித்தும் பறவைகள் முதலிய சுட்டு விற்றும் பொருள் சம்பாதித்து, அன்னைக்கும் நாயினுக்குமிட்டுத் தானுந் தின்று வாழ்ந்துவந்தான்.

அம்மாக்கண்ணுவின் பக்கத்து வீட்டிலிருந்தவன் குடிகார **முனியாண்டி**. அவன் பெயருக்குத்தக்கபடியே அவனது உருவமும் அமைக்கப்பட்டிருந்தது. முறுக்கிவிடப்பட்டிருந்த மீசையையும், உதிரத்தையுந் தோற்றுவித்த அவனது கண்களும் நெருப்பில் குளிப்பித்தாலொத்த அவனது நிறமும் யாவருக்கும் மிகுந்த அச்சத்தை விளைக்கும். அவனுக்கும் கண்ணப்பனுக்கும் வெகுநாளாக மனஸ்தாபம். ஒரு சமயம் தன் புறாவைச்

சுட்டுக் கொன்றதற்காகக் கண்ணப்பன்மீது வஞ்சந்தீர்த்துக் கொள்ள அவன் தகுந்த சமயம் பார்த்துக்கொண்டிருந்தான். அன்றியும், கண்ணப்பன், தனக்கெதிரியாகப் புறப்பட்டு, மீன் களைச் சரசமான விலைக்கு விற்று, தன்னிடமிதுகாறும் வாடிக்கை யாக வாங்க வரும் ஆண் பெண்களைத் தன்பால் வாங்கும்படி செய்துகொண்டு தன் வியாபாரத்தைப் பாழ்படுத்தியது 'எரி கின்ற தீயில் நெய்வார்த்தாற்போல்' இவனது கோபத்தையும் பொறாமையையும் அதிகப்படுத்தியது. சுருங்கக் கூறுமிடத்து அவனைக் கொல்ல சமயம் பார்த்திருந்தான் முனியாண்டி. சமயமும் கிடைத்தது, தனது எண்ணத்தையும் முடித்துக் கொண்டான்; தானும் மறைந்து ஒளிந்தான். முதுமைப்பிணி யுடன் வறுமைப் பிணியுந் தாக்கும் அவனது அன்னையும் தனது அருமைப் பொக்கிஷத்தை நமன்வாயிற் பறிகொடுத்து, பாவ மாம் தேங்கிநிற்கும் இம்மாய வுலகில் தனித்து நின்றாள்.

ஆகாரம் கொணரச் சென்ற தன்னருமை மகன், பிண மானது கேட்ட தாய் சிலையானாள். குத்தப்பட்டவிடத்து மாமிஸப்பிண்டம் வெளியே தெரியக் கீழேகிடந்த தன்னரு மைப் புதல்வனைக் கண்ணுற்றும் கண்ணீர்வடித்தனள் அல்லள். வாய்விட்டுக் கதறியழுது, தன் மனத்துன்பத்தை வெளிப்படுத் திக்கொள்ளவும் அவள் முயலவில்லை. கதறியழுதது வீரனே!

அவ்வாறு சிலைபோலுநின்ற அம்மாது ஏதோவொரு ஊக் கத்தினால் தூண்டப்பட்டவள்போல, திடீரென்று தன் புதல் வன் கிடந்த விடத்தையணுகி, அவனது கரங்களைத் தன்னிரு கரத்தாலும் பற்றி, அரைவிழி திறந்து அரைவிழி மூடித் தூங்கு வான்போற் கிடந்த அவனது முகத்தை நோக்கி, "என்னரு மைப்புதல்வா, நீ நிம்மதியுடன் துயில்கொள்வாய். கைகால்கள் வன்மையிழந்து வீட்டில் விழுந்துகிடக்குந் தாய் என்னசெய் கின்றனளோ; ஆகாரம் இனிமேல் எவ்வாறு தேடி வாழ்வள் என இவைபோன்றவற்றையெல்லாம் எண்ணி உன் சிறிய மனத்தைப் புண்படுத்திக்கொள்ளாதே! உன்னைக் கொன்ற அப் பாதகனை இம்முதியவளாகிய நான் கொன்று உனது ஆத்மாவுக்

குச் சாந்தியளிப்பேன்! இது சத்தியம். இவ்வாறு உரைப்பது, உன்னை ஐயிருதிங்கள் அடிவயிற்றிற்றாங்கி அங்கமெல்லாம் நோகப் பெற்றெடுத்த உன் அன்னை என்று தெரிந்துகொள்வாய். எப்பொழுதும் தாய்வார்த்தை பொய்படாது, அதனை நீயும் விரைவில் அறிவாய்" எனக் கூறிநின்றாள். வீரனும், அவள் செய்யப்போகுஞ் செயலில் பங்கு எடுத்துக்கொள்வேன் எனக் கூறுவதுபோல் தன் வாலை ஆட்டி அழுது நின்றான்.

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மாதங்கள் சென்றன. ஒருநாள் கூடலூர் பழையபட்டினத்தில் மாலை நான்கு மணிக்கு ஒரு வயது முதிர்ந்த கிழவன் தன் நாயைக் கம்பமொன்றில் கட்டுவித்துத் துன்புறுத்திக்கொண்டிருந்தான். அந்நாயின்முன்னால், அதற்கெட்டாத தூரத்தில் வைக்கோலினால் செய்யப்பட்ட ஒரு மானிட உரு நிறுத்தப்பட்டிருந்தது. அதன் கழுத்தில் ஒரு மாமிசத் துண்டம் கட்டப்பட்டிருந்தது. நாயினது வெறித்த பார்வையும், அது இடும் அழுகுரலும், அதன் ஒட்டிய வயிறும் அது இரண்டு மூன்று நாட்களாகப் பட்டினிகிடந்ததாகத் தெற்றென விளக்கின. அவ்வாறு அப்பசிப் பிணியினால் மூர்க்காவேசங்கொண்டிருந்த அவ்வேட்டைநாயின்முன், அக்கிழவன் அவ்வுருவைக் கொண்டுவருவதும், அந்நாய் பாயத்தொடங்கும்போது பின்னிழுத்துக்கொள்வதுமாயிருந்தான். நாயினது கோபம் கட்டுக்கடங்காததாயிற்று. கிழவனும் திடீரெனக் கட்டியிருந்த கயிற்றை யவிழ்த்துவிடப் பசிப்பிணியினாலும் கிழவனிடம் பட்ட அவஸ்தையினாலும் வெறிகொண்டிருந்த அந்நாய், 'குபீல்' என்று அச்சிலையினது கழுத்தை நோக்கிப் பாய்ந்து, கழுத்தைத் தன் கூரிய வாள்போன்ற பற்களினால் கடித்துத் துண்டித்து, அதில் கட்டுவித்திருந்த அம்மாமிசத்துண்டைத் தின்று பசிதீர்த்து நின்றது. இவ்விதமாகவே அந்நாய்க்கு மூன்றுநாட்களுக்கொருமுறை இரையளிக்கப்பட்டது. இக்கிழவனது விநோதமான செயலைக் கண்டவருக்கு அவன் ஏதோவொரு நோக்கத்தைக்கொண்டே இவ்விதம் செய்கிறான் என்றும், பைத்தியக்காரத்தனமாக வொன்றும் செய்யவில்லை என்றும் தோன்றிற்று.

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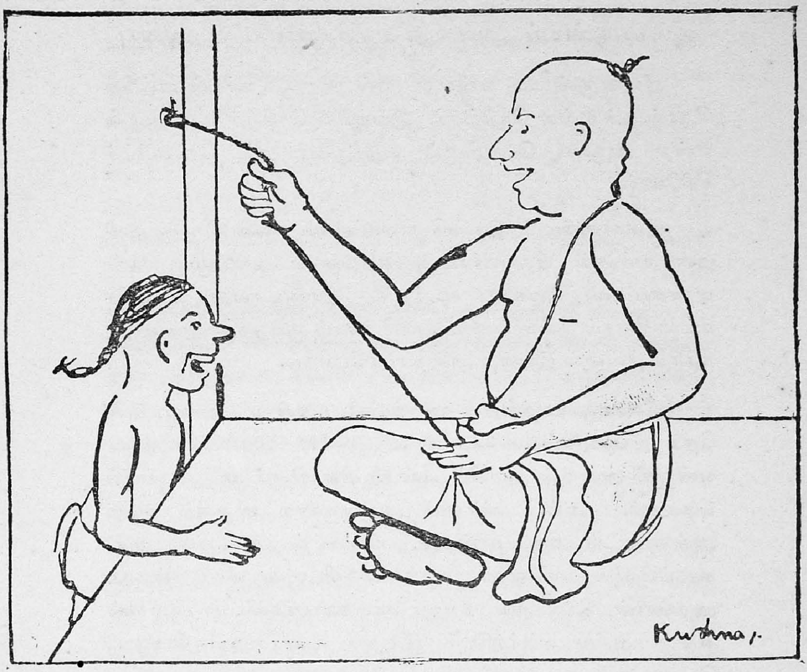
ஒருநாள் மாலை கூடலூர் பழையபட்டினத்தின் கடற்கரையில் ஒரு மனிதன் நடந்துகொண்டிருந்தான். அவனது நடையையும் உடையையும் நோக்கியவருக்கு அவன் பெரியதொரு பணக்காரனென விளங்கினும், அவனது முறுக்கிவிடப்பட்டிருந்த மீசையும் கொடூரமான கண்களும் அவன் நம் குடிகார முனியாண்டியே என்று வெளிப்படுத்தாமல் போகா. அவன் இப்பொழுது கூடலூரில் உள்ள பணக்காரர்களில் ஒருவன். அவன் தற்பொழுது வீரமுத்து என்னும் பெயர் தாங்கியுள்ளான்.

அவ்வாறு அவன் கடற்கரையில் நற்காற்றை உட்கொண்டு உலாவிக்கொண்டே சென்றுகொண்டிருக்கையில், அவனுக்குப் பின்னால் ஓர் உருவம், 'அடே முனியாண்டி' என்றழைத்து நெருங்கியது. அதன்பின்னால் ஒரு பெரிய வேட்டைநாயும் வந்தது. அவ்வுருவம் யாதென்பது நாம் சொல்லாமலே விளங்குமாகையினால் அதை விடுத்து மேற்செல்லுவோம். தனது பழைய பெயராகிய முனியாண்டி என்ற பெயரைக் கேட்டவுடன் அவனது முகத்தில் தேக்கப்பட்டிருந்த பீதியையும், ஆச்சரியத்தையும் நம்மால் சொல்லமுடியாது. தன்னை ஒருவாறு சமாளித்துக்கொண்டு அவ்வுருவத்தை நோக்கி யாரென வினவினான் வீரமுத்து.

அதனைக் கேட்ட அவ்வுருவம் அவனை நோக்கி, "நான் யாரெனில் உன்னால் கொல்லப்பட்ட கண்ணப்பனின் பந்து" எனக் கூறி, மூன்றுநாள் பசியுடன் வெறிகொண்டு தன்னருகில் நின்ற நாய்க்கு முனியாண்டியைச் சுட்டிக்காட்டி ஏவ அது அவனைத் தன்னுகாரமெனக் கருதி, ஒரேபாய்ச்சலில் அவன் கழுத்தைப் பிடித்துக் கடித்து இரத்தத்தைக் குடித்தது. அவ்வுருவமும், தான் அணிந்திருந்த அங்கியைக் கழற்றியெறிந்து "என் பிள்ளையின்முன் செய்த சபதத்தை நிறைவேற்றிக்கொண்டேன். இனி நிம்மதியாகத் தூங்கலாம்" எனச் சென்றது.

S. சீனிவாசன்,
II Class.

உண்மை புலப்படுதல்



பேரன் : "ஏன் தாத்தா ... என்ன பண்றேள் ... ?"

பாட்டனுர் (பௌராணிகர்) : "எலே, சரடு திரிக்கிறேன் அடா. விஷமம் பண்ணினுல் உதைப்பேன் தெரியுமா ?"

பேரன் : "சரடா? ஸரிதான், ஸரிதான் இப்பொதான் புரிஞ்சுது. அடுத்தாத்து மாமா "ஒங்க தாத்தா சரடு திரிக்கிறதிலே ரோம்ப கெட்டிக்காரர்" ன்னு சொன்னுரே அது இப்பொதான் புரிஞ்சுது."...

வேங்கடம்,
V Hons.

ஜீவகாருண்யம் அல்லது உயிர்கண்மாட்டு அன்பு

ஜீவகாருண்யம் என்பது துன்புறும் உயிர்கண்மாட்டுத் தோன்றும் உள்ள நெகிழ்ச்சி. இவ்வுள்ள நெகிழ்ச்சியை அருள் என்ற அருமை மொழியால் வழங்கினர் நம் செந்தமிழ்ச் சீரியோர்.

ஜீவகாருண்யம் இரண்டு வகைப்படும். ஒன்று ஒரு மனிதன் தன்னால் பிறவுயிர்கட்கு எத்தகைய துன்பமும் நேரா வண்ணம் வாழ்க்கையை நடத்தல். இரண்டாவது, பிறவுயிர்கட்கு நேரும் இன்னல்களைக்கண்டு மனம் குழைந்து அவைகளை நீக்கத் தன்னால் இயன்ற அளவு உதவிபுரிதல்.

ஜீவகாருண்யத்திற்கு அடிப்படை அன்பு. அன்பு இன்றேல் ஜீவகாருண்யமாகிய அருள் இல்லை. இதனை, "அருள் என்னும் அன்பின் குழவி" என்று விளக்கினர் நம் பொய்யில் புலவரும். அன்பு என்னும் அருங்குணம் முதலில் ஈன்ற அன்னையிடம் அரும்புகின்றது. பின்னர்த் தந்தையினிடமும், கூடப்பிறந்த சகோதர சகோதரிகளிடமும் நிகழுகின்றது. அதன்பின் நெருங்கிய சுற்றத்தார், நண்பர்களிடம் படர்கின்றது. அறிவு வளர்ச்சியும் இருதய உணர்ச்சியும் பெருகப் பெருக, எல்லாவுயிர்களிடத்தும் இந்த அன்பு விரிந்து பரந்து செல்லுகின்றது. இதுவே ஜீவகாருண்யம் என்று வழங்கப்படும்.

பிறவுயிர்களிடம் இரக்கங்கொள்வது மேலான அறமாதலின் கருணையுடையோரே மேலோர். அக்கருணைக்கு முற்றுமாறுகிய கொலைக்கு மேற்பட்ட பாவமின்மையின் கொலை செய்வோரே கீழோர் ஆவர்.

"அறவினை யாதெனில் கொல்லாமை கோறல்
பிறவினையெல்லாம் தரும்" என்றும்,
"கொல்லான் புலாலை மறுத்தானைக் கைகூப்பி
எல்லாவுயிரும் தொழும்" என்றும்

14773

செப்பிய செங்காப்போதாரின் அறிவுரையின் நுட்பம் உலகெங்கும் பரவும் நன்னாளை நான் ஆவலுடன் எதிர்பார்க்கின்றேன்.

"கொல்லாமை எத்தனை குணக்கேட்டை நீக்கும்" என்றும்,
"கொல்லா விரதியர் நேர்நின்ற முக்கட்கோமணியே" என்றும்,

"கொல்லாவிரதம் குவலயமெல்லா மோங்க
எல்லார்க்கும் சொல்லுவதென் இச்சை பராபரமே"

என்றும் செப்பியுள்ள தாயுமான அடிகளின் அமுதமொழிகள் இங்குச் சிந்திக்கற்பாலன. நிற்க,

சிலர், டார்வின் என்பவரின், 'தகுந்தவை தங்கிநிற்றல்,' (Survival of the fittest) என்னும் கொள்கையைக் கூறுவார்கள். ஆனால், கடவுளால் படைக்கப்பட்ட எல்லாவுயிர்களும், இவ்வுலகத்தில் இயற்கையின் முறைப்படி வாழ்தற்குத் தகுதியுடையவைகளே என்று கூற நான் தயங்கமாட்டேன்.

கிராமங்களிலும்,—ஏன், பெரிய நகரங்களிலும்கூட—படிப்பில்லாத சிலர், "கொன்றால் பாவம், தின்றால் போச்சு" என்று சொல்கின்றார்கள். கொன்றால் பாவம் என்று உணர்ந்த அவர்கள் கொல்லப்பட்ட உயிரின் ஊனைத்தின்றால், மேற்சொல்லப்பட்ட பாவம் போய்விடும் என்று எங்குதான் புதிதாகக் கண்டுபிடித்தார்களோ! தெரியவில்லை. மேலும், கொன்றால் பாவம் என்றுணர்ந்த அவர்களே, கொல்லாமல் இருந்துவிடுவது நல்லதல்லவா?

'கொலையும் புலையும் களவும் தவிர்' என்று சுருக்கிக் கூறினர் ஔவைப் பிராட்டியார். புலால் உண்ணல் ஜீவகாருண்ய ஒழுக்கத்திற்கு முற்றிலும் முரண்பட்ட செயலாகும். மாமிசம் மக்கட்குரிய இயற்கை உணவும் அன்று. மாமிசம் இல்லாமலே மக்கள் இனிமையாக வாழ்வு நடாத்த முடியும்.

"ஈசன் எனக்கருதி எல்லாவுயிர்களையும்
நேசத்தால் நீ நினைந்துகொள்"—ஔவை குறள்.

"எவ்வுயிரும் பராபரன் சன்னிதியதாகும் இலங்குமுயிர்
உடலனைத்தும் ஈசன் கோயில்"—சிவஞானதீபம்.

"ஆடுபன்றி கோழி அருந்துவோர் கட்கெல்லாம்
வீடில்லை என்றுரைக்கும் வேதங்கள்—நாடுமவற்(கு)
இம்மையிலும் துன்பம் மறுமையிலும் ஏழ்நரகம்
நன்மையில்லை ஓரிடத்தும் நாடு."

இப் பாக்களை நாம் சிந்தித்துப் பார்க்கவேண்டும். இது நிற்க,

உளநூலின்படி ஆராய்ந்தால், சாந்தகுணம், கடவுள் பக்தி, ஆத்ம ஞானம் முதலிய வீடுபேற்றிற்குரிய சாதனங்களை அடைவதற்குச் சாத்விக உணவுகளே உதவுமன்றி, தமோ குணத்தை விருத்திசெய்யும் மாமிசம் அன்று. தூய்மையில்லாத நீரும், கழிவுப்பொருள்களும், விஷ உப்பும் (Uric acid) கூடியிருத்தல்பற்றி, மாமிசம் பல வியாதிகளை உண்டாக்கக்கூடியதாயும், உடல் வலிமை, மனோவிருத்தி, இவற்றிற்கு ஏலாததாயும் இயற்கைக்கு மாறுபட்டதாயும் இருத்தலின் அறிஞர்பலர் அனுபவத்தால் அதனை நீக்கிவிட்டதாய்க்கூறலாம்.

அறநெறிச் சாரத்தில், புலான்மறுத்தல் என்ற தலைப்பின் கீழ், முனைப்பாடியார்

"கொன்றா னுகருங் கொடுமையை யுண்ணினைந்
தன்றே ஒழிய விடுவானேல்—என்றும்
இடுக்கணெனவுண்டோ? இல்வாழ்க்கைக் குள்ளே
படுத்தானுந் தன்னைத் தவம்"

என்று பாடியிருக்கின்றார்.

"உற்றுயிரோம்பித் தீந்தேன் ஊனொடு துறப்பின் [யார்க்கும்
மற்றுரையில்லை மண்ணும் விண்ணுநும் மடிய [வன்றே"

என்றது—சீவகசிந்தாமணி.

ஆகையால் இதை நுண்ணிதின் ஆராய்ந்து நல்லனவற்றைக் கடைப்பிடித்து ஒழுகுமாறு அன்பர்களை வேண்டிக் கொள்கின்றேன்.

இனி, இந்தியாவில் உழவுத்தொழிலுக்கு மாடுகள் இன்றியமையாதவை. மாடுகள் இலவேல் உழவுத்தொழில் இல்லை. "சுதந்தரம் பிறப்புரிமை" என்று மக்கள் போற்றிக் கொண்டாடும் கொள்கை, மாடு முதலிய விலங்கினங்கட்கும் உண்டு என்பது ஜீவகாருண்யம் வாய்ந்தோர் ஒப்புக்கொள்ளக்கூடிய விஷயம். இம்முறையில் நோக்கும்போது, மக்கள் கையில் அகப்பட்ட மாடுகட்கு எத்தகைய சுதந்தரமும் இல்லை என்பது இனிது விளங்கும். சில மாதங்களோ, ஆண்டுகளோ மக்கள் சிறைவாசம் செய்ய நேரிட்டால், எவ்வளவோ இன்னல்களை அநுபவித்ததாக நினைந்து நினைந்து வருந்துகின்றனர்; ஏங்குகின்றனர்! அழுகின்றனர்! அத்தகைய மக்கள் மாடுகளை ஆயுள் முழுவதும் சிறைவைத்துவிடுகின்றனர். தங்கள் இஷ்டம்போல் தீனி போடுகின்றனர், தண்ணீர்வைக்கின்றனர், இல்லாமலும் செய்துவிடுகின்றனர். அளவுக்கு மீறிய வேலைவாங்குகின்றனர். மூக்குக்கயிறு மாட்டி இழுக்கின்றனர்; தாற்றுக்கோல் கொண்டு தாக்கி அடிக்கின்றனர். மாடு வேகமாக ஓடுவதற்காக, வாலை முறுக்குகின்றனர், அதோடு வாலையும் பல்லால் கடிக்கின்றனர்! வாலை நறுக்குகின்றனர், காதை நறுக்குகின்றனர், உடலில் சூடுபோடுகின்றனர், கொம்புகளைத் தீய்க்கின்றனர். அந்தோ! கொடுமை! கொடுமை! மக்கள் இல்லாவிட்டால் மாடுகள் சுயேச்சையாய் உயிர்வாழமாட்டாவோ? வாழும். ஆனால் மாடுகள் இலவேல் மக்கள் வாழ்வது அரிது. எனினும், தற்காலத்தில் பெரும்பாலும் இயந்திரவுதவியே கையாளப்படுகின்றது. இன்றையநிலையில் மாடுகளை நன்குபோற்றி, மிதமாக வேலைவாங்கும்படி, உழவுத்தொழில் செய்யும் நேயர்களை வேண்டுகின்றேன்.

இவ்வாறேதான் பசுவின் விஷயமும் இருக்கிறது. பசுவின் பால் அதன் கன்றுக்கா மனிதனுக்கா? கன்றுக்கு ஒரு துளிப் பாலேனும் விட, சுயநலப் புலியான மனிதனுக்கு மனம் வருவதில்லை. அதுவும் சென்னைபோன்ற நகரங்களில் சிலர் ஆன்கன்றையே கொன்றுவிடுகின்றனர். பிறகு, அன்பு என்பது அணு

வளவும் இல்லாத அவர்கள், தோலில் வைக்கோலோ, பஞ்சோ அடைத்த போலிக் கன்றைக் காட்டி ஏமாற்றிப் பால் கறக்கின்றனர். இது எத்தகைய சீவகாருண்யம் என்பது எனக்கு விளங்கவில்லை. சிலர், பசுவினிடம் கன்றுக்குட்டியின் தேவைக்கு அதிகமாகப்பால் நிறைந்திருக்கின்றது; அவ்வளவும் குடித்தால் கன்றுக்கு வயிற்றுப்போக்கு உண்டாகி மாண்டுவிடும், ஆதலால் கன்று குடித்து எஞ்சிய பாலை மக்கள் கறக்கின்றனர் என்று கூறி வாதிக்கின்றனர். பசுவுக்குச் சொல்லும் இந்த நியாயம் மற்ற விலங்குகட்கும் பொருந்தவேண்டுமே! கழுதை, குதிரை முதலிய மிருகங்களின் நிலைமையை நாம் பார்க்கின்றோம். அவற்றின் குட்டிகள் அதிகப் பால் குடித்து அதனால் இறந்துபடுகின்றன என்று யாராவது கூறமுடியுமா? இவை போகட்டும். மக்கள் நிலைமை என்ன? தாய்ப்பால் மிகுதியாகக் குடித்து இறந்த குழந்தையுண்டா? இதை விரிக்கிற் பெருகும்.

தேனழித்துண்ணல், பட்டாடையுடுத்தல் முதலிய செயல்கள் ஜீவகாருண்ய தருமத்தை அழித்துவிடுகின்றன என்று யாரேனும் எண்ணிப்பார்க்கின்றனரா? தேன் இறைவனுக்குரிய அபிடேகப்பொருள் என்று நூல்கள் ஒப்புக்கொள்ளுகின்றன. அம்மம்ம! எத்தனை ஆயிரம் தேனீக்களைக் கொன்று தேன் எடுக்கவேண்டியிருக்கிறது! உண்மையாய் உயிர்கள்மாட்டு அன்பு செலுத்துகிறவர்கள் தேனைக் கையாலேனும் தொடுவார்களோ? ஆனால் தற்பொழுது கோயம்புத்தூர் முதலியவிடங்களில், கிறிஸ்துவ இளைஞர் சங்கங்களின் ஆதரவின்கீழ், தேனீ வளர்த்தல், தேன் எடுத்தல் முதலியன கற்பிக்கின்றார்கள். இவ்விதம் எடுக்கப்படுகின்ற தேன், தூய்மையாய் இருக்கின்றபடியாலும், தேனீக்களைக் கொன்று எடுக்கப்படுவதில்லையாதலினாலும், அஹிம்சையே ஓர் உருவெடுத்துவந்த, உலகம் போற்றும் உத்தமர், காந்தியும், தேனைத் தமது உணவுப் பொருளில் ஒன்றாகக்கொண்டிருக்கிறார் எனத் தோன்றுகிறது.

இனி, பட்டாடை விஷயத்தைக் கவனிப்போம். ஆயிரக்கணக்கான பட்டுப்பூச்சிகளை வெந்நீரிற் போட்டு அவைகள்

இறந்தவுடன் பட்டெடுத்து அதிலிருந்து ஆடைகள் நெய்கின்றார்கள். இக்கொடிய காட்சியை, யான், ஒருமுறை குன்னூரில் கண்டு நெஞ்சம் துணுக்குற்றேன். அந்தோ! ஒரு பட்டாடைக்கு எத்தனை ஆயிரம் புழுக்களை அழிக்கவேண்டியிருக்கிறது ஆனால் தற்காலத்தில், செயற்கைப் பட்டு முதலியன செய்கின்றார்கள். இந்த இரண்டுவிதப் பட்டாடைகளினும் என்ன சிறப்புத்தான் இருக்கின்றதோ தெரியவில்லை. இந்தியராகிய நாம், ஏழை இந்திய மக்களாலேயே நூற்கப்பட்டு, நெய்யப்பட்டு விற்கப்படுகின்ற தூய்மைபொருந்திய எளிய கதரையே கட்டவேண்டும் என்று நான் நினைக்கின்றேன். நிற்க,

சிலர், ஆடுமாடுகளைக் கண்டபடி கொன்று உண்ணுகின்றார்கள். இவ்விதம் செய்தால், நாளடைவில், நிலங்களுக்குப் போடும் எருவுக்கு எங்குச் செல்வது? ஆறு, குளம், கிணறு, குட்டை, வாய்க்கால் முதலியவைகளில் உள்ள தண்ணீர் எவ்விதம் தூய்மையடையும்? பன்றி முதலியவைகள் இல்லாவிட்டால் தெருக்கள் எப்படித் தூய்மையாயிருக்கும்?

ஆகையால், ஒவ்வொருவரும், இச்சிறிய கட்டுரையின்கண் கூறிய செய்திகளை நடுவு நிலைமையோடு ஆராய்ந்துபார்த்து, உயிர்கண் மாட்டு அன்பு உடையவராய் விளங்குமாறு வேண்டுகின்றேன்.

தம்புண் கழூவி மருந்திடுவர், தாம்பிறிதின்
செம்புண் வறுத்த வறைதின்பர்—அந்தோ!
நடுநின் றுலக நயனிலாமாந்தர்
வடுவன்றோ செய்யும் வழக்கு?

V. NATARAJAN,
II Class.

தேனாற்றுப்படை*

உலகொடு தலைஇய புலமையோர் பலர்புகழ்
குவளை கமலம் குமிழொடு அனிச்சம்
காந்தள் அல்லி ஆம்பல் முல்லை
கோங்கம் வேங்கை பூந்துணர்ச் சண்பகம்

ஆதிய வற்றை நாடியே வந்தாய்
ஊதியே பார்த்தா யுள்ளுள் உருகித்
தினைத்தனைத் தேனுணத் திரிதருந் தும்பி!
அனைத்தா னந்தம் அளித்திடுந் தேனை
நினைத்துங் கண்டும் உண்டும் வருதும்;

எனைத்தே எனைத்தே எப்புறத் ததுவே
எனநீ வினவிற் கூறுவங் கேட்டி;
சற்றே நினைக்க அமுதாங் கருணையும்,
கெட்டார்க் காக்க இட்ட கறையும்,
எனைத்தோ பிறவி யெனவிரப் போர்க்கே

வினைத்தளை நீக்கி விடுத்திடும் அருளும்,
தாதையின் தாதை தப்பிலாத் தாயாய்
மேதையின் மேதையாய் மேவிய மேன்மையும்,
ஆருயிர்க் காருயி ரடைந்தார்க் கம்பலம்
ஈருயிர்க் கோருட லனைத்துயிர்க் கனைத்தாகி

வேடன்பாற் சேர்ந்து விலங்கிய மகற்கு
நாடளித்து நலனல்கு மன்னவன் போலத்
தானுக் கித்தன தளித்த தகைமையின்
தாடலை வைப்பான் தானே ஆக்குவான்
ஓடியே வந்திடும் ஓங்கார வுருவும்,

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* மனிதனாகிய வண்டை இறைவனடித் தாமரையிடத்து வல்லான் ஒருவன் ஆற்றுப்படுத்துவது போன்று இயற்றப்பட்டது.

தோலும் நீறுந் துகிலுஞ் சாந்துங்
கோலும் மானுஞ் சூலுந் தாங்கிப்
பாலெனக் கண்டெனப் பகருங் கனியென
மேலென மொழிந்த கன்னலாய் விளைந்து
விளக்க விளக்க மிளிர்ந்திடும் ஆடிபோற்
கிளக்கக் கிளக்கக் கிட்டிடும் வண்மையும்,
வேட்டன வேட்டன வேட்டு விட்டன
கேட்டன கேட்டன கேளா விட்டன
யாவையும் மேவிடச் செய்திடும் ஆற்றலும்,
ஓவியம் என்பார்க் கொளித்திடுஞ் சோதியும்,
உள்ளக் கவலை கையா றழுங்கல்
துள்ளி யோடத் துணிக்கும் பெருமையும்,
பொள்ளற் பிழைகள் எல்லாம் பொறுத்துக்
கள்ள மனத்தைக் கரைக்கும் விச்சையும்,
திருவா சகமெனும் ஒருவா சகத்தார்க்
கொருவாப் பெருந்தளை ஒடித்த அருமையும்,
காணார் நிற்பக் காட்டும் இச்சையும்
பூணாப் பொலியும் புனிதன் பொன்மலர்
அடியென நின்ற அரவிந்த முளகாண் !
படிமீ தியாரும் பரவவும் போற்றவும்
ஞானம் மடுத்து வினையை யறுத்தே
ஆனந்தஞ் சொரியுந் தேனவை ; ஆங்கே
உண்ண வுண்ண வுவட்டா தினிக்கும்
உள்ள வுள்ள வூற்றெனப் பெருகும்
கொள்ளக் கொள்ளக் குறைவின்றி வளரும் ;
அதனால், சொல்லிய அம்மலர்த் துணையிணைப் பாடிச்
செல்லின் நீயுஞ் செல்வை யாகுவை
அள்ளி அருந்துவை ஆனந்தத் தேனே.

அ. சிதம்பரநாதன் செட்டியார்,
V Hons.

அண்ணாமலைப் பல்கலைக்கழகத்
தமிழ்ப் பேரவை

1933-'34

புரவலர் :—உயர்திரு. இராவ்பகதூர் S. E. அரங்கநாதன் அவர்கள், M.A., I.E.S.

பெருந்தலைவர் :—உயர்திரு. S. சோமசுந்தர பாரதியார் அவர்கள், M.A., B.L.

2-ஆம் பருவத்தலைவர் :—திரு. K. சிதம்பரம் அவர்கள், IV Class.

3-ஆம் பருவத்தலைவர் :—திரு. S. உருத்திரபதி அவர்கள், V Hons.

அமைச்சர் :—அ. மு. பரமசிவானந்தம் அவர்கள், வித்துவான் 2-ஆம் வகுப்பு.

வழக்கம்போல் நடக்கும் சொற்போர்க் கூட்டங்களேயன்றி இலக்கியப் பகுதியின் ஆதரவினும் சில மாணவ உறுப்பினர்கள் சொற்பொழிவு நிகழ்த்திய கூட்டங்கள் நடைபெற்றன. பெருந்தலைவர் அவர்கள் தலைமையில் திருவாளர் இலட்சுமண சர்மா அவர்கள் "இல்லற தருமம்" என்ற பொருள்பற்றியும், திருவாளர் ந. மு. வேங்கடசாமி நாட்டார் அவர்கள் தலைமையில் திரு. அ. மு. சரவண முதலியார் அவர்கள் "அப்பர் என்னும் பெயர் ஆராய்ச்சி" என்ற பொருள் பற்றியும் விரிவுரை நிகழ்த்தினார்கள். திருவாளர் S. S. பாரதியார் அவர்கள் "திருவள்ளுவர்" என்னும் பொருள்பற்றி மூன்று கூட்டங்களில் பேசி மகிழ்வித்தார்கள். 8-2-34 அன்று திரு. பண்டிதமணி மு. கதிரேசச் செட்டியாரவர்கள் "சிந்தாமணி" என்ற பொருள்பற்றி அரியதோர் சொற்பொழிவு நிகழ்த்தினார்கள். 25-2-34 அன்று இவ்வாண்டின் முடிவுக்கூட்டம் திரு. பாரதியார் அவர்கள் தலைமையில் நடைபெற்றகாலை, சென்னை திரு. T. P. மீனாட்சிசுந்தரம் பிள்ளை அவர்கள் (வித்துவான்) M.A., B.L., "தாய்மொழி

வளர்ச்சியே சுதந்தரம் தந்திடும்" என்ற பொருள்பற்றி ஒரு மணிநேரம் பேசி மகிழ்வித்தார்கள்.

1934-'35

புரவலர் :—உயர்திரு. இராவ்பகதூர் S. E. அரங்கநாதன் அவர்கள், M.A., I.E.S.

பெருந்தலைவர் :—உயர்திரு. S. சோமசுந்தர பாரதியார் அவர்கள், M.A., B.L.

முதற்பருவத்தலைவர் :—திரு. A. சிதம்பரநாதஞ் செட்டியார் அவர்கள், V Hons.

அமைச்சர் :—திரு. M. C. கண்ணபிரான் அவர்கள், வித்துவான், 4-ஆம் வகுப்பு.

காரியக் குழுவின் இதர அங்கத்தினர் :—

திரு. K. கார்த்திகேயன் அவர்கள், வித்துவான், 2-ஆம் வகுப்பு.
,, S. இராமநாதன் அவர்கள், IV Hons.
,, A. S. வேதரத்தினம் அவர்கள், IV Hons.

இவ்வாண்டின் திறப்புவிழா 18-7-34 புதனன்று உயர்திரு. S. S. பாரதியார் அவர்கள் (M.A., B.L.) தலைமையில் நிகழ்ந்தது. அந்நாள் நமது பேரவையின் சரித்திரத்தில் சிறந்ததோர் நன்னாளாகும், செவிக்கினியதோர் விருந்து தந்ததாகலின். அன்று,

திரு. மகாவித்துவான், ரா. இராகவையங்கார் அவர்கள் "முப்பாலில் வேள்விப்பால்" என்பதைக் குறித்தும், திரு பண்டித. ந. மு. வேங்கடசாமி நாட்டார் அவர்கள் "அறத்துப்பால்" என்பதைக் குறித்தும், திரு. ரா. பி. சேதுப்பிள்ளை அவர்கள் (B.A., B.L.) "பொருட்பால்" என்பதைக் குறித்தும், திரு. பண்டிதமணி மு. கதிரேசச் செட்டியார் அவர்கள் "காமத்துப்பால்" என்பதைக் குறித்தும் அரிய சொற்பொழிவுகள் நிகழ்த்தினர்கள்.

இப்பருவத்தில் இலக்கியப்பகுதியின் ஆதரவில் இரண்டு சிறப்புக்கூட்டங்கள் நிகழ்ந்தன. அக்காலை, திருவாளர் (யாழ்ப் பாணம்) செவ்வந்திநாத தேசிகர் அவர்கள் "ஆரியமும் செந்த மிழும்" என்ற பொருள்பற்றியும், திரு. அ. மு. சரவண முதலி யார் அவர்கள் "மெய்ப்பொருள் நாயனார்" என்ற பொருள் பற்றியும் சொற்பொழிவாற்றினார்கள்.

இனி, சொற்போர்க் கூட்டங்களில் பின்வரும் பொருள் களைப்பற்றி வாதம் நடந்தது :—

1. நம்நாட்டுக்குச் சமயம் வேண்டாம்.
2. ஆலய வழிபாடு அடிமையில் ஆழ்த்தும்.
3. பெண்களுக்கு ஆண்களோடு சம உரிமை அளிக்க வேண்டும்.
4. சட்டமூலம் சமூகசீர்திருத்தஞ் செய்தல் பிழையா காது.
5. விதவா விவாகம் இன்றியமையாதது.

மேற்கண்ட தீர்மானங்களில் 1, 3, 4 ஆகியவற்றை அவை ஒப்புக்கொண்டு, 2, 5 ஆகியவற்றைத் தள்ளிவிட்டது.

இவையேயன்றி வேறு சில தீர்மானங்களும் கழக அலுவல் நேரத்தில் நிறைவேறின. சென்ற ஆண்டின் அமைச்சர், தலை வர் ஆகிய இருவருக்கும் நன்றிபாராட்டுத் தீர்மானமும், திரு. இராவ்பகதூர் A. T. பன்னீர்ச்செல்வம் அவர்கள் உள்நாட்டு மந்திரி பதவியைப் பெற்றதைக்குறித்த மகிழ்ச்சித் தீர்மானமும், திரு. S. S. பிள்ளை அவர்கள் "கலைநிபுணர்" (D. Sc.) பட்டம் பெற்றமையைக் குறித்த பாராட்டுத் தீர்மானமும் முழு மனதாக நிறைவேறின.

தமிழாசிரியர்களாக இருந்து, வயதானமைபற்றி வேலை யினின்று நீங்கிய திருவாளர் சு. பொன்னோதுவார் அவர்களுக் கும், திருவாளர் N. பலராம ஐயர் அவர்களுக்கும் நன்றி

செலுத்துவதாகத் தீர்மானங்கள் அவையினரால் முழு மனதாக நிறைவேற்றப்பட்டன.

2—9—34-ல் கூடிய பொதுக்கூட்டத்தில் தீர்மானஞ் செய்யப்பட்டபடி காரியக்குழுவினர் A. C. செட்டியார் அவர்கள் தலைமையிற் கூடி நமது அவைக்கென ஓர் ஏற்பாடு அமைத்துள்ளனர் என்பது ஈண்டுக் குறிப்பிடற்பாற்று.

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Our Exchange List

The Madras Law College Magazine, September 1934.

The Madras Christian College Magazine, September 1934.

The Zamorin's College Magazine, September 1934.

Mrs. A. V. N. College Magazine, Vizagapatam, September 1934.

St. Joseph's College Magazine, July 1934.

Findlay College Magazine, September 1934.

The Theosophical College Magazine, July & October 1934.

Lingaraj College Miscellany, Belgaum, September 1934.

A Government College Miscellany, March 1934.

American College Magazine, August 1934.

The Kumbakonam College Magazine, August 1934.

The National College Magazine, August 1934.

Excelsior, September 1934.

The Hindu Theological High School Magazine, August 1934.

The Kishori Raman High School Magazine, September 1934.

Educational India, July 1934.

Macmillan's Educational Bulletin, August 1934.

THE END

TRICHINOPOLY :
ST. JOSEPH'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL PRESS
1934

Printed by the Rev. Br. F. M. Ponnuswamy, S.J., Superintendent,
St. Joseph's Industrial School Press, Trichinopoly
and
Published by The Registrar,
Annamalai University, Annamalainagar.